

CURRENT MOVEMENTS IN EDUCATION.

BY SUPERINTENDENT FRANK B. COOPER.

Prize Descriptive Paper and Prize Story. Book Reviews by Octave Thanet and Mary J. Reid.

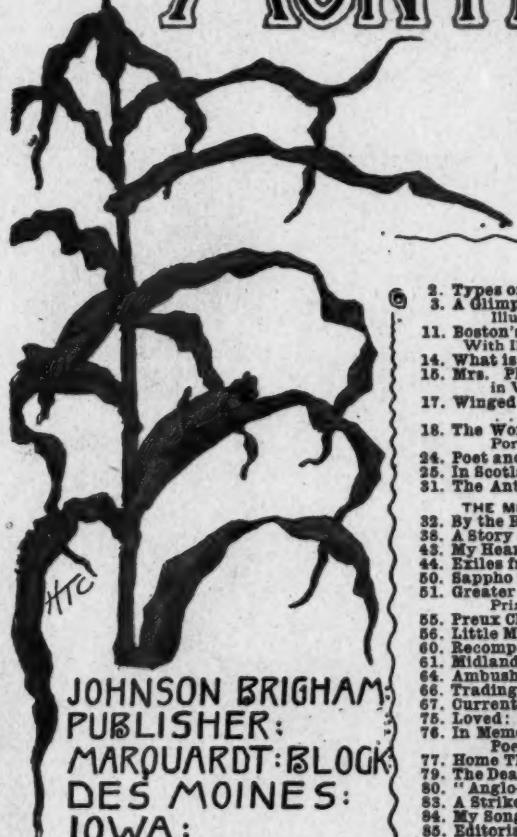
Vol. 5.

JANUARY.

No. 1.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
MIDLAND LITERATURE & ART



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THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

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AGENTS WANTED.

The MIDWINTER MIDLAND

The *February* issue of this Magazine will be a splendid number, its contents rich in Illustration, Description, Fiction, War Reminiscence, Home Themes, Poetry, etc. Among the contributions of special interest will be the following:

A description of *Iowa's Soldiers' Monument* and a Sketch of Its History, with the Significance of the Sculpture on the Monument; the paper to be illustrated with a number of beautiful views—never before published—of the Monument itself, the Statue of Victory which surmounts it, the Ideal Infantryman, Cavalryman, Artilleryman, Sailor, the Equestrian Statue of General Custer (to be followed by other statues and the Medallions as soon as they are photographed), and a fine portrait of the Sculptor, Carl Bohm-Smith. This article is written for THE MIDLAND by the Hon. JAMES HARLAN United States Senator, and President Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior.

"Havana As It Is," an illustrated description of the Cuban Capital, toward which all eyes are now tending.—by Ed. L. Sabin, managing editor of *Campbell's Illustrated Weekly*, Chicago.

A poem by Mary A. P. Stansbury, author of "How He Saved St. Michaels." Lillian H. Shuey, the California poet, Emma Playter Seabury, the Kansas poet, and a humorous poem by John Talman, of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and others.

"The New Orleans Mardi Gras," by Albert L. Flude, an Illustrated Sketch.

"Bohemia," a Historical Sketch, with portraits of Bohemian patriots, by the Bohemian-American orator, Hon. L. J. Paidia.

"Hares and Hounds," the English winter game as now played in the Middle-West, by Ed. S. White.

"Anita's Wooing," a frontier story, by Frank W. Calkins, author of "By the Roman Law," published in the present number.

"A Poet Lariat," by Albert W. Payne, author of "The Mystery of Evelyn De Lorme."

"How I Opened Up Korea," a realistic story, by John C. Werner, of Yokohama, Japan.

"A Questionable Ruse," by Richard Saxe Jones, author of "The Right Kind of a Man," and other tales.

"The Whitney Girl," by Katherine Bates. The Battle of Fort Donelson, with portraits from old photographs of General Tuttle, Colonel Cloutman and others, by W. S. Moore.

Home Themes, Editorial Comment, Book Reviews, Gossip with Correspondents, etc. Booksellers will do well to get their orders in early.

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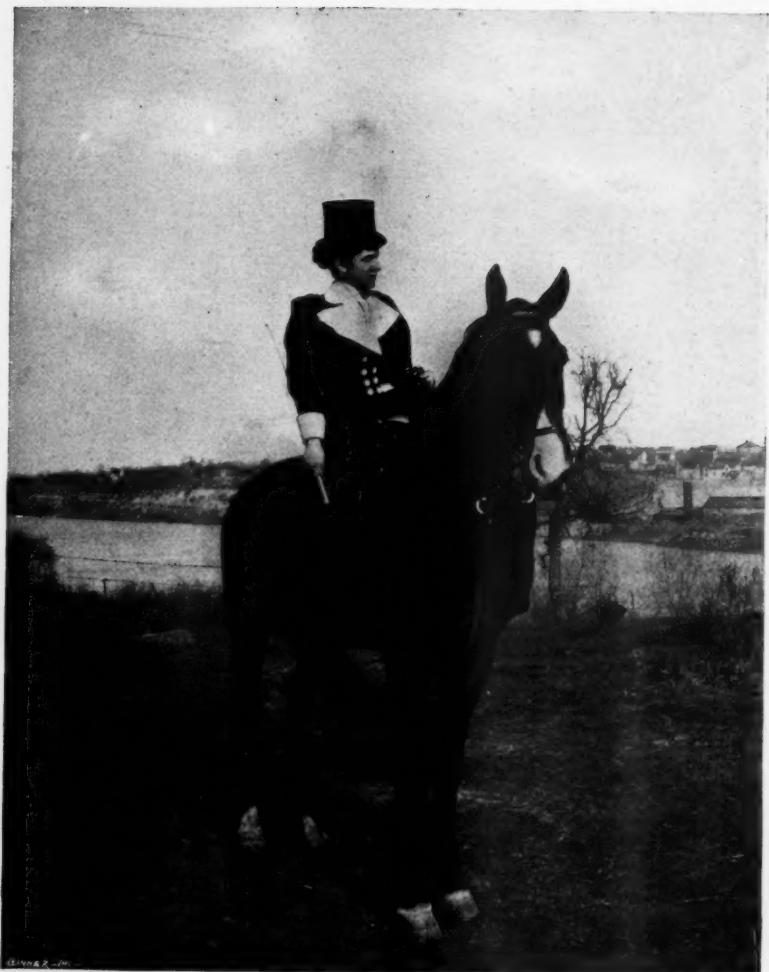


Photo by Webster, Des Moines.

TYPES OF MIDLAND BEAUTY. VII.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME V.

JANUARY, 1896.

NUMBER 1.

A GLIMPSE OF ACADIA.*

BY VIRGINIA H. REICHARD.

A voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.
—*Evangeline*.

A SCORCHING Southern sun. A breeze dust-laden and desultory in its elusive puffs of coolness hints softly of tall masts, crested waves and the blue crystal of the Gulf.

Far in the distance, where "liquid miles" lose themselves in the blue of the sky, a sail is faintly outlined. It hangs white and phantom-like a moment, crosses a bit of horizon on the vanished water line and like a dream-ship disappears.

The fragrance of magnolias is borne past, and now, the odor of the pines! Quaking marshes, where the winding track seems to shift and tremble under the burden of our on-rushing train, are white with swamp roses; every plant and weed seems tipped with blossoms and redolent of perfume.

New Orleans, with its languid, gentle, courteous people, its parks and templed cemeteries, is long past; but the old cathedral and its fresco of the Transfiguration, its beautiful grotto-like alcove where amidst rock and fern sit enthroned in hallowed state the sculptured Virgin and Child, are entralling memories. Broad Canal street, the river, the shipping, the lake and old Spanish fort; even the dark, narrow streets with classic names; small boys, with intensely black eyes, selling fried oysters in paper bags; cleanly turbanned mulatto women with trays of tempting cakes; swarthy venders of black Creole coffee, in picturesque garb,—all are a part of that unique and fascinating city.

A journey into Southwestern Louisiana unfolds a panorama of infinite variety. It carries us past flourishing sugar and rice plantations, where sugar mills, cotton

gins, groups of whitewashed cabins and the typical, pillared, verandahed mansion of the Southern planter are in evidence of ante-bellum days as well as of present prosperity. We plunge into the gloom of moss-curtained boughs, skim over long waste stretches, flat and uninteresting, and reach the pine forests again, with here and there a "deadnin'";—those patches of concentrated dreariness indicating a tract whereon the trees have been girdled and left to die to make room for cultivation.

The recollection is vivid of one "deadnin'," where the tall, bleached trunks loom white and dreary as a forgotten graveyard. Flocks of buzzards are circling above, and near a sluggish bayou stands a deserted cabin, its mud chimney

*Awarded the Descriptive Paper Prize in THE MIDLAND'S October competition.



MRS. VIRGINIA H. REICHARD, OF DES MOINES.

toppling over, its doorway gaping wide. The trunk of a dead tree stands sentinel over it, stretching out one long denuded limb on which perch three of those loathsome birds—the vultures of the South. Not far away, near a mass of tall weeds, the strewn rails suggesting an enclosure, lies the whitened skeleton of a horse. It is “a study in black and white,” a written life history, in which hope and failure had, each in turn, played a part,—the story epitomized in the word “desolation.”

Suddenly a premonition of twilight tempers the white glare of midday. We move slowly, inky waters swirl around the car wheels, the light of day seems shut out, and while the pulsing engine waits we peer through an uncertain and ominous gloom.

A cypress swamp, with its appalling silences, its perpetual dusk and calm! Tall trees, straight as arrows, tower a hundred feet in air. The water in which they stand is made black as night by the gloom of thick branches overhead. Around each trunk springs its uncanny progeny of “knees,”—a singular formation of the roots which makes a miniature stockade of nature’s own contriving.

The mad exuberance of vine clinging everywhere in tangled curtain and can-

opy is bewildering! “Small eft-things” with prominent eyes and a multiplicity of legs dart in and out among cushiony masses of parasitic growth, or course tranquilly over leaf and limb. Lizards slither down the trees; a snake drops from a branch with a splash that the stillness exaggerates; and in the shade of a dim background an alligator, with its hideous bulk only half visible, glides swiftly away. The reeking, humid air seems to harbor everything noisome and venomous. It is a scene in which Caliban might have reveled, but one from which we recoil. The wandering Gulf breeze, imprisoned and disconsolate, sobs fitfully among the branches. This is the only sound; all else is silence and impenetrable gloom.

When at last the magnificent valley of the Teche bursts upon our sight, with the bright sunlight gilding everything, we are ready to fall in love with earth, air and sky, and shout “Eureka!” It is more lovely than we have ever dreamed—and with grass, trees, flowers and prairies as beautiful and bountiful as in the North.

The wonderful salt mines of New Iberia are near, and it is easy to catch a glimpse of Joe Jefferson’s Southern home. From this time on, as we move farther west, our interest never flags. We are in the very



SCENE ON LAKE ARTHUR.



HOME OF ADOLPH HUBERT, "CAJUN."

The main building on the right is the original home; the building on the left is a modern addition.

footsteps of the Nova Scotia exiles. We are even now crossing the plains pictured in "Evangeline" and known as "Evangeline's Prairie."

In the old Acadia — or Neutral Land — New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and a part of Maine constituted the French colony. During the Eighteenth Century the power of Great Britain had risen rapidly, as that of France had correspondingly waned, and a struggle began which meant to the settlers war and all its horrors. Long before Longfellow wrote, Raynal described the Acadians as a gentle, quiet, industrious people who had settled in the lowlands, following agriculture as a pursuit, whose flocks and herds were numerous and who lived lives of idyllic peace and happiness.

It remained for England to disturb this simple pastoral life and substitute therefor outrage and heart-break. Frequent expatriation of the Acadians took place and grief seemed to culminate in the tragic story of a day,—September 5, 1755,—when hundreds of men were sum-

moned to the church of Grandpré to hear that, "by order of the king," their herds and crops were confiscated and they themselves were exiled. With the most brutal outrage of every human tie, they were marched to the ship between two rows of their weeping wives, children and sweethearts and banished to unknown shores. Those who tried to resist were driven back by the soldiers' bayonets.

In 1682 La Salle had claimed Louisiana in the name of Louis XIV., and many Acadians, thus so cruelly and hastily driven forth, took refuge in Louisiana and tried to gather there the missing ones. France, under the corrupt rule of Louis XV., did not attempt to resent the injuries inflicted on her people. The historian says: "Canada had by this time cost France dear, and she left it to its miserable fate." It was in the persecutions and sufferings of these exiles that Longfellow heard the keynote of "Evangeline." The description, so familiar to everyone,—of the Acadian lovers torn apart by a cruel fate, ever faithful, loyal, expectant, ever doomed to disappoint-

ment, until that supreme moment when they met only to be parted by death,—had its parallel in the tragedy of many a separation.

The New Acadia dawns as fair on our vision to-day as when, nearly a century and a half ago, it unveiled its beauties to the tear-dimmed eyes of the heart-sick pilgrims plodding their weary way in search of home and friends.

Let us glance at the Acadia of to-day, settled long ago by French peasants, and, with an eye for the practical, let us see it as it is.

The great Calcasieu prairie is a tract sixty miles long, diversified with occasional bayous and "pine islands." The "natives" or "Cajuns" — for so the French are distinguished from the English speaking population — have kept their language (a dialect), their simple habits, their French politeness and their Catholic faith. You could hardly deem it possible in this Nineteenth Century of progress — and, strange to say, in a land favored with wonderful inventions for lessening human toil — to find a group of people so simple, so isolated, so free from

the carking cares which beset humanity and so innocent of the great outside world which insists that they need many things of which they have never even heard.

The Acadian with his primitive methods furnishes a curious spectacle, for he lives much as his forefathers lived generations ago. His house, built of boards, is set up a foot or two from the ground on huge cypress blocks, and is devoid of either wooden ceiling or plastering. Windows, too, are deemed superfluous, as is also paint or decoration of any kind. Square holes are cut in place of windows, and these are supplied with solid wooden shutters which are only closed as the weather demands. In many families the cooking is still done at the small fireplace, cooking stoves being a late innovation. "Razor-backs," as shy and wild as deer, roam in and out beneath this habitation, and chickens are no strangers to the living room.

Women wash clothes on the banks of streams and bayous, after an ancient and time-honored custom, beating them with boards, on flat stones, and boiling them in a huge iron kettle, under which a fire has been kindled on the bank. They chat and gossip, and their occupation seems to have a social side that is not to be ignored or despised.

When the Northern farmer, lured by the balmy climate, first migrated to this country, he found it difficult to conquer the putty-like soil — once the gulf bottom. Phosphates used as fertilizers gave back a good return from the vegetable gardens. Fruit was grown in abundance and great variety, but the riddle of money making was not yet solved. A year or two of experimenting and observation convinced our shrewd tiller of the soil that the "native" depended mainly on his paltry three, five or ten acres of rice for subsistence.

For this crop the Acadian laboriously prepares by spading the earth into a dike or levee, by which a reservoir for water is formed. Eternal vigilance is the price of keeping these dikes, for a leak means



A CREOLE BEAUTY.

disaster to the farmer and his crop. Not infrequently does an alligator bore through the earthworks, and in a short time the work of weeks is undone and incalculable damage incurred from the wasting of the water supply. After his small section of ground is seeded by hand it is raked with a small, awkward hand-made harrow. At the proper time the young, tender, green blades of rice are flooded with water, in which they remain until matured. When finally the water is drained from it the rice is harvested with a hand sickle, and oxen haul it to market in a two-wheeled cart, to which they are attached by a harness made of ropes.

Building dikes, making flood-gates, working rice knee-deep in water, with an occasional alligator to contest the right of way, may not seem an inviting prospect; but this will not always last, any more than will the ox cart and rope harness. Already the Northern farmer has there the steam-ditcher to build levees, and for ten acres of rice formerly, you can now count hundreds of acres. Fortune awaits the one who will place there apparatus



AN ACADIAN GIRL HULLING RICE.
An Indian basket in which the rice is winnowed lies against the primitive rice mill.



LA BELLE CREOLE.

for distributing the water supply whereby the uplands may be rendered equally available with the marshes for rice culture.

Time is taken little account of in the transactions of an Acadian family. It is not unusual for the head of the family to crowd wife and numerous children into the ox cart, and spend two or three days journeying into a neighboring parish to some scene of festivity. And such a journey is not without its charms—over a prairie boundless as the sea, pine islands dotting it here and there, and mocking-birds filling the air with melody. The passing of the morning mists often unveils a mirage against the horizon; the lowing of many herds sounds in the distance; alluring vistas open through the dim forest. The wonderful shadows, the gulf breeze, the fragrant air and aroma of the pines, the blossoming, fan-shaped cacti, swamp roses, crepe myrtles,—all lend a charm to be found nowhere else. There are soft "Italian skies," magnificent sunsets, and rainbow lights shining through mists which are the her-

alds of evening as well as the accompaniment of early morning hours near the Gulf.

During one of our expeditions over pathless prairies we were informed by the worthy acting as our guide that the Bayou Lacassine was near, and we might have a boat ride. "Also madame might have the opportunity of seeing alligators." Turning in the direction indicated, we were soon at the bayou. Near us stood a little cabin, an Acadian school-house, without windows, without a floor, furnished with a few rude benches made of the halves of logs, and in lieu of desks a plank nailed aslant on one side of the room. Over this Parthenon a pretty little Iowa schoolma'am presided,—the daughter of a farmer living some miles away. The school children politely came forward on our approach and shook hands, greeting us in French phrases, entirely unconscious of any incongruity in the surroundings.

Proceeding to the water's edge, we stepped into a dugout. Hitherto I had

cherished the belief that a dugout was a far-western term for a dwelling, but this illusion was dispelled and I was easily convinced that the only original dugout was a log which had been hollowed out to use as a boat. Seating myself fearlessly, for I had no qualms regarding water, I looked about. Tremendous cypresses with their usual mourning badges of moss and their grotesque "knees" grew on the bank, their boughs meeting over our heads and making twilight out of midday. To our right was a canebrake, where canes and rushes grew out of the dark water as high as an Acadian house. Two white cranes and a pelican flapped their wings and fled into the reedy depths almost before we realized their presence. I thought of Dred Scott and the fugitive slaves; and, strange to say, these gigantic rushes suggested even the finding of Moses, hidden, as a celebrated picture shows, in a place not unlike this. The water looked black and glassy, with scarcely a ripple. More than once the head of an alligator ap-



ALONG THE TECHE.
Steamboat Landing in the foreground—Sugar Mill in the distance.



SCENE ON THE CALCASIEU RIVER.

peared, and as silently disappeared in the inky stream. It was easy to fancy our boatman was Charon, and the bayou the River Styx, as our gallant dugout made its successful trip down the narrow stream to the "bend" and back again under the management of our faithful pilot and oarsman with his solitary paddle. In mid-stream he volunteered the information that these bayous were incredibly deep and dangerous, that alligators seldom attack any one unless hungry, and that a dugout is more easily upset than any other kind of boat.

While being assisted from the Calcasieu gondola, I observed signs of undisguised perturbation on the face of my *compagnon du voyage*. Listening, I heard with no uncertain sound the assertion made that "money" would not hire *him* to ever again enter "that abominable, rocking, slippery, treacherous thing" called a dugout; that this had probably been one of the most hazardous experiments of our lives, into which a blind thoughtlessness had led us; and that only my blissful

ignorance of danger had prevented a catastrophe, for if one of us had made one false movement we would soon have been food for alligators.

We moored our dugout just as the little Acadian school was dismissed for the noon recess. A bevy of youngsters rushed to the water's edge, unchained the hollow log, and, leaping in, pushed from shore. As they turned, I saw that crazy craft with enlightened vision. A huge, triangular fracture showed near the stern, leaving one side protected only two or three inches above the water. Every time the boat rocked it took water. But long familiarity with this drawback had bred contempt of danger, and, nothing daunted, a young "Cajun" took command, managing with rare skill the unreliable little tub, which carried them home for the noon-day meal.

Gay, happy, little folk were they who tumbled into the dugout chattering like magpies in their French patois, and laughing and bobbing about with an unconsciousness of danger that was

appalling. Doubtless they could all swim like ducks, yet as that unseaworthy vessel left port with its burden of bright-faced little ones, I could not repress a shudder. Bits of song and laughter came floating back as they disappeared in the mysterious shadows. It was as though the Powers of Darkness had claimed a sacrifice.

Under the monstrous interlacing boughs with funeral banners waving, the little boat drifted down the dark bayou. It needed no exaggerated imagining to fancy the lurking alligators were unseen foes and that those ghostly denizens of cane-brake and water-side, the white cranes standing in pale relief against the dusky leafage, were warning sentries. Only the children, laughing and gliding swiftly away, hallowed the spot with a touch of human life and love. Yet these, too, though they were the visible embodiment of youth and joy, suggested to my mind that even so does joy elude and youth escape us and sail into the shadows.

In contradistinction to the peasant type I must present one instance of the life of the higher class Acadians. On one of the rivers which lead to the Gulf, tiny steamers ply back and forth. A widening of this river forms a beautiful lake, on the border of which are Creole homes, surrounded by orange groves and plantations. At one of these it was our good fortune to be a guest, accompanied by a party of friends. The traditional "Highland welcome" of which we read cannot exceed in heartiness the Southern welcome. The cordiality and demonstrative hospitality accorded us were indeed a revelation to one born and bred in the customs of the North. Our hostess came down the broad, shell walk to the little private pier to greet us, and, partly in French, partly in English,—which she spoke but brokenly,—made us feel our presence was the one thing needful to complete her happiness.

The walk to the house was shaded by orange trees, and around the house was a combined vegetable and flower

garden, so neatly laid out and so exquisitely kept as to make even a cabbage seem a thing of beauty. The building was very long and low, one story, and broad enough for five doors to open in front on the gallery, which completely surrounded it. The floors were bare and very white from continual scouring. Pictures adorned the walls, musical instruments, wicker furniture and bric-a-brac were in the rooms, and here and there an Acadian rug gave a touch of brightness.

We were introduced to two sons and nine beautiful daughters—their ages varying from three to twenty years—all unmarried. The Creole woman is prolific of sons and daughters, and has only commiseration for the small family of her Northern sister. Nowhere have I seen more beautiful exhibition of affection than the members of this large family manifested toward one another, nor such reverence and loving duty rendered a father and mother. The daughters were convent bred, as had been the mother. Our host, a tall, handsome gentleman, looked more the elder brother than the father of his charming family.

Dinner was exquisitely served in courses, "madame," their mother, surprising us with the information that the household economy was managed in turn by her daughters, and every domestic duty at least understood, if not performed, by them. The dishes served which materially differ from our own were the Southern "gumbo," a mixture of sassafras, rice, okra and chicken, all cooked together, also rice cooked in a way which left the grains separate and flaky. Wine was plentifully served, even to the smaller children, and there was the black, strong "Creole" coffee. A little dance and *soiree musicale* ended a most enjoyable day.

This family traced their descent directly from the Nova Scotia settlers who had been Parisians. Northern people, who are so rapidly acquiring land in Acadian parishes, in spite of their shrewdness and experience have yet something to learn of real hospitality and true courtesy from

these simple people, many of whom have not a legal title to the land which they farm and which father and grandfather farmed before them, without observing the necessary legal formalities which constitute ownership. Instances are cited where land—the supposed property of Acadians for years—has been homesteaded by the Northern land-seeker, making a case which fits the term "semi-respectable larceny," as suggested by Cable.

Louisiana's most pressing need is schools. When education becomes possible through the flood-gates of Northern immigration and puts these people in full possession of their faculties, when the thrift and enterprise of our farmers shall have

revolutionized methods there, what may we not expect of that blossoming, balmy region! In our turn, amid the rush and struggle and turmoil of existence, we need to learn of them how to sometimes rest from it all. We need their calm deliberation, their love of simple pleasures. We need to have infused into our colder natures some of their overflowing warmth and geniality. An interchange of benefits is entirely possible, despite our boasted advancement; and it is well to occasionally remind ourselves of the truth of Rochefoucauld's maxim: "Whoever thinks he can do without the world deceives himself much; but whoever thinks the world cannot do without him deceives himself much more."

BOSTON'S OLD BURYING GROUNDS.

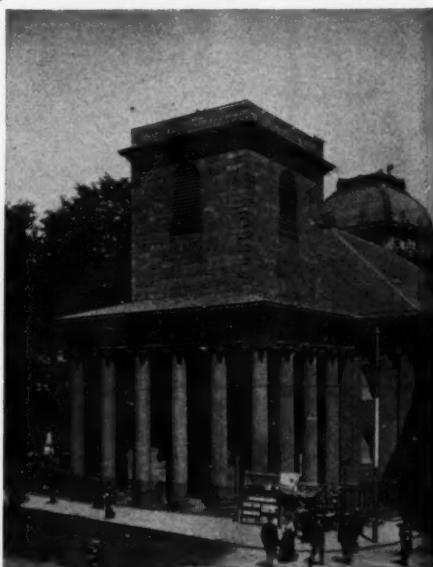
BY SADETTE HARRINGTON.

"The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of
care
Plod on, and each one as before will
chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these
shall leave
Their mirth, and their employment,
and shall come
And make their bed with thee."

There is no other city in our country as rich in historical interest as Boston, and there is nothing in all this famous old Puritan town which speaks so eloquently of her past as the little, enclosed plots of green, thickly dotted with moss-covered stones, marking the resting place of her early dead.

Greenwood, with the many "ingenious dreamers" who sleep within her palatial gates, is extravagantly beautiful; Arlington, "where rest the great and good after their generous toil," has a peculiar sacredness; and Mount Auburn, with an incomparable wealth of brain and talent buried within her extensive walls, is solemnly fair; yet the visitor finds quite as much attraction and material for thought in the graveyards of old Boston.

King's Chapel Burying Ground is the first ground there dedicated to this use.



KING'S CHAPEL,— BURYING GROUND TO THE LEFT.

It was established about 1630. It is a small plot, adjoining King's Chapel, which stands on the corner of Tremont and School Streets, in the very heart of the city. The church is a dark, granite edifice, erected in 1749, to replace one built in 1689. This was the church of the royal governors and the officers of the British army and navy. Governor Winthrop, with his two sons, both governors of Connecticut, are interred here; also Governor Shirley, Roger Clapp, Lady Andros, John Cotton and members of the Savage and Brattle families. Mary Chilson, said to be the first to leap on shore from the Mayflower, also rests here. A gray, weather-stained tablet states that "here lyes entombed the bodyes of four famous, reverend and learned pastors of First Church of Christ in Boston." They are Reverends Oxenbridge, Cotton, Davenport and Bridge.

The oddest stone in the yard has the following history: Sometime after the interment of the good deacon whom it commemorated, the stone was, for some

reason, removed, and was lost. While making excavations on State street, in 1830, it was found near the old State House, several feet under ground. It was re-set in King's Chapel ground and bears this curious inscription, parts of which are almost defaced:

HERE : LYETH
THE : BODY : OF : MR
WILLIAM : PADDY : AGED
58 YEARS : DEPARTED
THIS : LIFE : AUGUST : THE [28]
1658

The reverse side reads:

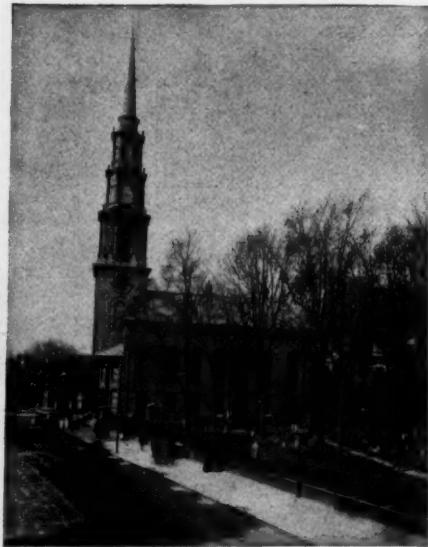
HERE SLEAPS THAT
BLESED ONE WHOES LIEF
GOD HELP US ALL LIVE
THAT SO WHEN TIEM SHALL BE
THAT WE THIS WORLD MUST LIUE
WE EVER MAY BE HAPPY
WITH BLESSED WILLIAM PADDY

The Old Granary is in the next block from King's Chapel and occupies the space between the Hotel Tremont and Park Street Church, the site of an old public granary from which the yard took its name. While these old cemeteries have long been closed against interments, they are carefully looked after by gardeners at the city's expense.

Old Granary was first used in 1660. Upon the large entrance gate, opening on Tremont Street, are placed bronze tablets with a list of the ancient notables buried within. The parents of Benjamin Franklin have the largest monument in the cemetery. It was erected by the citizens in later years "as a mark of respect for the illustrious author," to take the place of the original one placed by the son, which was destroyed. It is pyramidal in shape and bears the name "Franklin" above the following inscription:

JOSIAH AND ABIAH, HIS WIFE,
LIE HERE INTERRED.

They lived long together in wedlock 55 years, and without an estate or any painful employment, by constant labor and honest industry; and brought up thirteen children and five grandchildren respectably. From this instance reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling and distrust not Providence. He was a pious and prudent man. She a discrete and virtuous woman.



"OLD GRANARY" BURYING GROUND ADJOINING PARK STREET CHURCH.

There is then a small oblong indenture which looks as if it came from the former old stone, with these words :

Their youngest son in filial regard to their memory, places this stone :

JOSIAH FRANKLIN, BORN 1655, DIED 1744
—AGED 89.

ABIAH FRANKLIN, BORN 1667, DIED 1732
—AGED 85.

To the rear stands a plain, square, gray stone monument which marks the remains of one whose pretty name represented merely a myth in the stories of our childhood; but whom Longfellow has made to live in literature,—the patriotic mechanic and public spirited citizen of early Boston, Paul Revere. The stone is about three feet high and quite similar in appearance to the gate-post of our modern picket fence, and bears simply his name near the base.

Near by rest the remains of Mary Goose (with her baby) familiarly known as "Mother Goose," on account of her famous nursery rhymes and melodies. The entire Goose family is buried here, and the stones are so small and worn that one must stoop and examine carefully to make out the names and dates. Tiny skulls and crossbones are marked on each corner at the top of the stones. Here, also, are buried nine of the early Colonial and State governors,—among them John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence and the first governor of Massachusetts under the Constitution; also three other signers of the Declaration, the first mayor of Boston, Peter Faneuil who gave the city the historic hall which bears his name, and the victims of the Boston massacre in 1770. The graves are marked by the plainest slabs possible, while the one that marked Hancock's grave cannot be found.

One could linger for hours in these places where lie the earthly remains of many eminent in the early history of Massachusetts and of our country.

The Old North Church graveyard is worth crossing the city to see. The church is now known as Christ Church and is so interesting it is hard to leave it for the cemetery. It was built in 1723 and holds the first chime of bells brought to this country. They came from Gloucester, England. Parts of the old



COPP'S HILL, SHOWING MALCOLM'S TOMB WITH BULLET MARKS.

silver communion set were presented by King George II., and its ancient bibles ("Vinegar Edition") and prayer books are curiosities, as the latter show how the colonists eliminated the objectionable portions referring to the King or the English government, by pasting clean paper over such portions,—single words being often crossed out, others being interlined with pen and ink. The old



COPP'S HILL, LOOKING NORTH — MATHEW'S TOMB.

clock in the tower was set up in 1749. The pipe organ was placed there in 1756 and the antique candelabra and statuettes were taken from a French ship in 1746.

Copp's Hill is one of the three original hills of Boston, being in the part known as the North End. Here is the second graveyard established in the city. It is also cherished as an old landmark. During later years it became necessary to cut

and grade down the hill, and an iron fence was placed around the cemetery to protect it. The cemetery now appears to be located on quite an eminence. Some of the quaint stones in this yard bear the marks of bullets, fired by British soldiers who were quartered here during Revolutionary days. The stones are similar to all erected at that period, the inscriptions always curious and often ludicrous. One erected to Capt. Daniel Malcolm bears this inscription: "A true son of Liberty, a Friend to the Publick, an Enemy to oppression and one of the foremost in opposing the Revenue Acts on America." Increase, Cotton and Samuel Mather are buried on Copp's Hill.

Cambridge has an old cemetery whose inscriptions are in Old English and date back early in the Seventeenth Century. Most of the stones have a charred and red look, as though a fire had swept over them. The usual form of inscription

is this: "Here lyes buried the body of Mrs. Abigail Morus, consort to A. Morus," etc. The unsightly skull and cross-bones are cut upon many of the stones in these cemeteries. It is hard to understand why these are chosen when they suggest only death and decay. The lambs folded in the shepherd's arms, crowns, hands clasped or pointing upward, cut on our modern stones, inartistic as they usually are, at least carry the thoughts to the life beyond.

WHAT IS DEATH?

FROM star to flower and onward still,
From breathing creature up to man,
Is but the throbbing of His will,
The bright unfolding of His plan.

Since nothing ever lost can be,
And Nature upward movement keeps,
When mortal dies, the mystery
Of endless growth he overleaps.

B. O. Aylesworth.

MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST.

PROMINENT WOMEN IN WASHNGTON'S SOCIAL WORLD. III.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

ONE of the most popular women in Washington, and one of the most charming, is Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, widow of the late Senator George A. Hearst, of California. Mrs. Hearst spends some portion of each year in her beautiful home in this city which was completed only a few months before her husband's death and was not opened to society for any large entertainments until last winter, when she gave three of the handsomest affairs of the season,—a tea, a musicale —at which Nordica and Plaucon sang —and another, followed by a cotillion, where the costumes, music and decorations were of the time of 1770, Anton Seidl's orchestra playing selections from Haydn.

Her house—furnished in exquisite taste and filled with rare works of art—is admirably adapted for entertaining. The rooms on the first floor—two drawing rooms, a library, a superb music room and picture gallery combined, and a spacious dining room finished in old Dutch style—open well into each other, so that even with a large company there is no crowding. Then, under the music room, there is a supper room finished in California redwood, where one hundred persons may be comfortably seated at small tables. The floral decorations are always in exquisite taste, and the house, at all times, is fragrant with delicate blossoms. Mrs. Hearst studiously avoids a crush and would rather give several entertainments than a great jam where no one is comfortable.

Upon the walls of Mrs. Hearst's music room—and, in fact, all over the house—hang rare and beautiful pictures. There are two or three lovely Verboeckhovens, one of the finest Corots in this country, some of the best work of our American

artists and several priceless old paintings. The tapestries, the miniatures,—among which is a fine collection of Napoleon and the notable men and women of his court,—the fans and the souvenirs of travel, deserve more than the brief mention I can give. Mrs. Hearst has, too, a large and superb collection of books, for she has always been student and keeps well up in her reading. Her collection of china is one of the finest in the country and a delight to womankind—to whom china always appeals. She has much rare and beautiful lace and her jewels are very fine, but never worn in profusion.

Perfect hostess as she is, and much as she adorns society, Mrs. Hearst is not alone a society woman,—she is a great deal more. She is a level-headed business woman, thoroughly understanding all the ins and outs of her large mining and other interests. Dainty and refined as she is in her dress and all personal belongings, she does not hesitate to go down into mines and other "choky," soiling places, if by so doing she can add to her already large stock of knowledge.

She has a warm heart, too, though I fancy she tries to keep it subject to her judgment and objects to being imposed upon more than she can help. She loves to give pleasure, and does so, in many kindly, thoughtful ways. Above all, she believes in fitting people to take care of themselves, and for many years has devoted a certain goodly sum to the education of young men and women in those branches of art best calculated to fit them for the battle of life. She has long maintained a kindergarten in San Francisco and has three such schools here, which are doing an immense amount of good. She has other educational plans, in the future, of larger proportions.



MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST.

Last year she established free libraries and reading rooms at Anaconda, Montana, and Lead City, Dakota, where some of her largest mining interests are located, and, judging by the patronage, they are just what those cities needed.

Mrs. Hearst's friends are devoted to her. They say that much or little money makes no difference in her feelings or manner. She has no daughters, but is very fond of girls,—who simply adore her in return.

Her son is the clever young newspaper man, Mr. William R. Hearst, who, not satisfied with making a great success of the San Francisco *Examiner*, has invaded New York. His new paper, the *Morning Journal*, promises to make a good mate for the Western success, if it does not run ahead of it.

Mrs. Hearst is delicate looking and far from strong, but is an excellent traveler.

She is never seasick, train-sick or afraid, and so gets more enjoyment than the average tourist out of an ocean voyage or the trip across the continent. She left Washington last spring for Europe quite broken down with overwork, and returned in November, greatly improved in health. She was at the North Cape when the "midnight sun" was at his best. Soon after going across she attended the Queen's drawing-room reception,—under unusually pleasant circumstances. She was received with the diplomats and remained to see the "passing show," much as the diplomats are received here at White House receptions.

The accompanying portrait, from a photograph taken in Paris, presents Mrs. Hearst in a gown—without the train—worn by her some three years ago, as a favored guest at the Queen Regent's ball in Madrid.

THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.*

*Is it remembrance of some victory past,
Or certainty of conflict close at hand
In which no enemy can thee withstand,
That speaks in every line? Some say the
blast
Of war has spurred thy swift and eager feet
To meet new foes; others that thou dost
haste
The joys of well earned triumph now to
taste.
But to my mind, thou goest forth to greet
No mortal friend or foe. Symbol thou
art
To me of right triumphant in a heart
That's met and vanquished every unseen foe
The struggling soul of man may ever know.
The very air around thee seems to be
Surcharged with thy triumphant victory!*

Mary G. Slocum.



*One of the greatest art monuments of antiquity, found in Samothrace in 1863, and now in the Louvre, Paris. The colossal winged figure (of which the head has been lost) stands, with full drapery blown by the wind, on the prow of a trireme. The work is of Hellenistic date.—Century Dictionary.

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF MINNESOTA.

BY FANNY KENNISH EARL.

IN writing up "The Women's Clubs of Wisconsin" within the limits of a magazine article, I was obliged to choose between a broad general treatment and brief specialties, and chose the latter in order to show to those not familiar with this phase of social life something of its practical achievement.

In treating of the Minnesota Clubs it will be sufficient to say that they follow the same general lines of study, as I wish to consider the movement from a somewhat different point of view, and show the type of women which the club develops and fosters.

It is said that Paris is France, and in much the same sense it may be said that the "Twin Cities" are Minnesota. The Twin Cities cover a good deal of ground both in the material and applied sense, for a comparative study of the two affords wonderful contrasts.

St. Paul is a city which belongs on the Atlantic Coast, but by some curious twist of circumstances has seated itself beside the Father of Waters. It has the dignity, the conservatism, the exclusiveness, as well as the irregular plan of an old city, as age is reckoned on this Western continent. It is terraced up from the river flats to the high bluff where Summit Avenue lifts its crown of stately mansions. Many of the streets are necessarily short and winding. Their sinuosities remind one of the original Indian trails as they curve about from terrace to terrace. Down in the heart of the city are the "Seven Corners," where the streets come together from all possible directions like the threads of a great spider-web. It is a wonderfully delightful and picturesque city, and tempts one to hours of aimless and irresponsible wandering, in which the much-quoted query, "Where are we at?" is constantly recurring.

Minneapolis, on the contrary, is a typical Western city,—one planned on paper with a square and compass. It is built on high, level ground, and is broadly planned with a simple system of streets and avenues so numbered that a few minutes' instruction will suffice for any stranger to find his way, unassisted, to the extreme limits. It has the busy, energetic air which is the *raison d'être* of the adjective "hustling." Fate has compelled some radical and rustling people to find their business in St. Paul, and retaliated by compelling some extremely conservative people to be jostled in the rush of the Minneapolis highways. But one has only to attempt to board the "Interurban" about 6 P. M. to see these unfortunates flocking to the respective cities of their love like the proverbial doves to the window.

I have noted these differences in the Twin Cities because their peculiar social qualities are so broadly displayed in the club life.

St. Paul has but a few Women's Clubs, but the membership of each is equal to that of many of its neighbor. The large club is typical of the conservative element. It is prone to introduce outside talent,—specialists who lecture to a politely attentive, and silent audience, which finds its pleasantly-modulated voice over the social cup of tea which usually follows. In the smaller club, the leader of one week is a part of the audience of the next. Every woman shares in the responsibility for an interesting program; and the development of the individual in methods of study, in thought and expression, is much more marked than in the larger clubs.

St. Paul's New Century Club numbers one hundred and fifty members; the Art and History Class, which is unlimited, varies from one hundred and fifty to four

hundred; the Schubert Club—musical—numbers one hundred and fifty. These, with the Fortnightly, constitute the principal clubs.

Mrs. Susan Burrill Bangs was the first president of the New Century Club, and is the present treasurer of the State Federation. Her home is at present in Duluth, where she is a leader among the club women of that progressive city, but she still retains an active interest in the welfare of the thriving club of which she was one of the founders. The New Century Club develops the talent of its membership to a greater extent than many of the large clubs, and papers prepared for its program have been called for by the clubs of other states. Mrs. Mary H. Severance and Mrs. George Metcalf are two of the active members of the club whose literary reputation is much more than local. The latter is also the leader of the Art and History Class, for which position she is admirably fitted by her wide study and extensive travels.

I received a cordial invitation from a charming woman in St. Paul to visit the club of which she was an enthusiastic member; but when I told her I was a representative of the press, and was making a little study of club-work for magazine and journalistic purposes, she hesitated.

"I wish you would see Mrs. X—," she said, and gave me a note to that lady, who was also charmingly frank and cordial but who informed me that one of the by-laws of the club provided that any member who gave any information concerning the club to any representative of the press thereby forfeited her membership; that they never used the daily press or even the post-office for notices; but when special notices were necessary a messenger boy was employed. Of course, after that, I was obliged to decline the invitation to visit the club, as, having already obtained all the information I desired concerning it, from other sources, I would not, in case of wishing to use it, place my friends under the embarrassment of having introduced a Philistine into the camp.

"But no man liveth to himself alone" and certainly no woman can so live. The women of wealth, culture, artistic and intellectual training and wide opportunities, owe something to their less fortunate sisters, and one club may be a vast source of information, helpfulness and inspiration to another.

The club to which I belong,—which has a limited membership of sixty, and in the two years of its existence has become a positive and helpful factor in the social and intellectual life of the community,—had for its inspiration a literary club of Sauk Center, Minnesota, which happened to be a topic of conversation at a five o'clock tea. As one lady was meditatively drawing on her gloves she turned to me and said, "Can't we have a club?" And we had one! It was modeled very largely upon the Ladies' Reading Club of Junction City, Kansas,—one of the oldest women's clubs in the United States,—with whose plan of study we happened to be familiar. We make a point of having a brief report of the weekly proceedings published, and



MRS. SUSAN BURRILL BANGS,
Treasurer, Minnesota Federation, and first President,
New Century Club, St. Paul.

through that, at least one club in Iowa, one in Minnesota and several in Wisconsin have sprung into existence. These facts are noted merely to show that if the little gleam of a village club candle can throw its light across three or four states, what might not the large and influential city clubs do if they were not so particular to circumscribe their electric lights to the radius of a bushel!

On the other hand "**THE MIDLAND MONTHLY**" in the corner of my card was the "open sesame" to every club in Minneapolis—and they are legion—which I had time or opportunity to visit. Not that the Minneapolis women courted publicity, but they were earnest, unassuming students, who met one with a Western frankness and unreserve, glad to put themselves in touch with every forward movement, and willing to pass along the word of cheer and good will.

Said Mrs. T. B. Walker, president of the Woman's Council of Minneapolis: "We do not form on social lines in Minneapolis. We do not ask whether or not a woman has wealth or social position. Any woman who comes with a book

under her arm is welcome," and I found this statement to be strictly true. I saw, also, a marvelously large number of women,—in the stores, on the streets, in the cars, everywhere,—carrying this insignia of the woman's club movement.

The Woman's Council of Minneapolis was the pioneer in the city federation of the women's societies, and occupied for some time its unique position, although recently its plan has been adopted by other cities. It is composed of representatives not only of literary clubs, but of all kinds of women's organizations. These number about seventy, and Mrs. Walker, who stands at the head of the movement, is a woman whose wealth, position and executive ability are but means through which she reaches out to all lines of moral, civil and social reform. Her beautiful home on Hennepin Avenue is seldom free from callers who are associated with her large plans for the public weal, and many a busy woman, while waiting the leisure moment of her hostess has rested both body and soul in the beautiful art gallery to which Bouguereau, Rousseau, Taque, Cozin, Schreyer, Peale, J. G. Brown, Hart and Bierstadt have added their treasures.

The Woman's Council is an organization of no small importance. It carries out the spirit of the original woman's club and continues to "meddle" in municipal and other affairs, while the city government holds it in respectful consideration. The monthly meetings are in charge of the departments of literature, art, music, history, philanthropy, church, education and temperance. The list of represented societies includes fifteen literary, two art and music, five history and eight educational clubs, making a total of thirty clubs belonging to this organization whose work is strictly literary and educational.

If the people who fear the much-abused "new woman,"—who has exchanged her ancient weapon of the broom for the more modern one of the club,—would drop into some of these assemblies and listen to the intelligent, dignified discuss-



MRS. T. B. WALKER,
President of the Woman's Council, Minneapolis.

sion of literature, current events, social economics or philanthropy by society women who have lost nothing of their grace or good looks and who still wear becoming bonnets and—gowns, they would soon become convinced that they were belaboring a woman of straw. Even genial Charles Dudley Warner could not resist a little ungenerous fling at the Woman's Club in "The Golden House!"

"This week Swift was to be arraigned. The last time when Edith was present it was Steele. The judgment on the whole has been favorable, and there had been a little stir of tenderness among the bonnets over Thackeray's comments on the Christian Soldier. 'Poor Dick Steele!' said the essayist. It was a beautiful essay and so stimulating. And then there was bouillon and time to look about at the toilets.....The function lasted two hours.....There was probably not a woman in the class that day who did not go away with the knowledge that Steele was an author and lived in the Eighteenth Century."

I recall a delightful afternoon with "The Coterie," in which Byron was "arraigned." I doubt if even our genial philosopher himself could have given a more sympathetic interpretation of the subtle moods of the poet. This "function" also lasted two hours, and I carried away not only a better knowledge of Byron and a fresh impulse to seek for myself the charm of his pages, but a very vivid impression of the personality of the little group of students, especially that of Mrs. Emanuel Cohen, the daughter of a Jewish rabbi, and, as I afterward learned, a member of the University Extension faculty.

Mrs. Cohen has successfully undertaken the task of interpreting Ibsen to the average mind, of unfolding the beauty and dramatic power of a writer whom it is the fashion to surround with a great deal of mysticism and misrepresentation. She is one of the most popular of the University Extension lecturers.

Professor Maria L. Sanford, of the State University, and president of the "Wom-



PROFESSOR MARIA L. SANFORD,
State University, Minneapolis.

an's Improvement League," is another potent factor in the progress of women's work in Minneapolis. Beside her class work she has also frequent calls from the extension course, especially in the lines of social economics and English and American literature. One who had the privilege of being under her tuition writes of her: "One goes from her lectures inspired by the presence and spirit of the author under consideration. We have seen the poet face to face. Her power is not that of a skilled elocutionist; it is not merely the charm of her voice, but her soul has entered into the secret chamber of the poet's soul, and her reading is therefore a revelation."

Probably no woman, among the many clever and even brilliant representatives of the Minnesota clubs, has come in touch with more lives than Miss Sarah Arnold, since 1888 the superintendent of the primary schools, and president of the Round Table, until her recent removal to Boston. The Round Table has a membership of four or five hundred and its organization was of the simplest character. Intended for the self-improvement of the teachers, and especially

those of the primary grade, it rapidly outgrew the limits of its original design. While largely composed of teachers, yet the study of child-life and its development attracted many mothers to the meetings. During the year of '94-'95 the lectures were given mainly by Miss Arnold, and, although she has taken up her work in the East this year, the Minneapolis women still affectionately claim her as one of themselves.

The Minnesota State Federation of Clubs, recently organized, selected with rare discrimination when they placed at its head Miss Margaret J. Evans of Carleton College, Northfield. She is a graduate of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin, and was connected with that institution as preceptress for several years. She then accepted a position at Northfield, where the intervening years have been full of work which has developed her into a rich maturity. The Northfield club was one of the first of the State to join the general federation,

and Miss Evans' address upon the effects of federation, state and national, exhibits a woman of broad views. She denominates a state federation as a great family whose motto is, "help one another."

The selection of these few women as types of the club movement in Minnesota was a difficult task, on account of the wealth of material which presented itself in every department.

St. Paul and Minneapolis have literary ambitions beyond most of the commercial and manufacturing cities of the West, and many of the clubs present lists of names which are becoming familiar to the readers of the Northwest and some of them are even reaching out to a much larger audience. Mrs. Alice Hamilton Rich, the leader of "The Story Hour Club," and an active member of the "Coterie," is one of these; and Miss Martha Anderson, a bright young journalist, is another, and the list might be indefinitely extended.

The club movement in Minnesota is broader in its work, more enthusiastic and progressive than in Wisconsin, and some of the features are unique, as the summer "outing" meetings of the Hamline Fortnightly, one of which occurred at Shadow Falls on the Mississippi, with "Birds" for a topic, with the accompaniment of the same from the treetops, and such dainty bits of literature as "To a Waterfowl" and "A Day in June" interspersed through the program. The penalty attached to an absence from "The Story Hour Club" of having to write an original story, essay or poem for the next meeting, indicates that either the club is very original or very prompt in attendance.

The work that is done in the city clubs is no better than that done in the smaller towns and villages, and among the latter the literary club idea is forming rapidly.

The list of Minnesota clubs with which I have been in communication directly or indirectly is as follows:

With permission of Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.
MISS SARAH ARNOLD,
 Ex-President of the Round Table, Minneapolis, and Superintendent of
 the Primary Schools of Minneapolis.



St. Paul.—The New Century Club, The Chautauqua Club, The Fortnightly, The Monday Art and History Class, The Schubert Club, Merriam Park Literary.

Minneapolis.—The Fortnightly (woman's branch), Coterie, Nineteenth Century, Tuesday Club, Pilgrims, Current Events, Tourists, Emerson Society, The Alternates, Kenwood Monday Club, Columbian Study Class, The Story Hour Club, The Sunnyside Literary, Ladies' Shakespeare Club, Chi Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma, Art History Club, Tuesday Musical Association, Monday History Club, European History Class, Pioneer History Class, Columbian Club, Eclectic Club, Mothers in Council, French Circle, Economic Reading Circle, Round Table, Single Tax League (woman's branch), Woman's Improvement League.

Hastings.—The World's Fair Reading Club.

Albert Lea.—The Travel Club.

Duluth.—The Magazine Club, Ladies' Literature Club, The Saturday Club.

Moorhead.—The Woman's Club.

Anoka.—Philolectians.

Long Prairie.—The Woman's Club.

Northfield.—Monday Club.

Winona.—The Art Club, Thursday Club.

St. Peters.—Chautauqua Club, Woman's Literary Club.

Stillwater.—Woman's Reading Club.

St. Cloud.—Sorosis, Art Club, Choral Union.

Nine or ten of these belong to the National Federation and about thirty united in the State Federation. The list is probably incomplete, as new clubs are being constantly organized, and until all unite in the State Federation it is difficult



MISS MARGARET J. EVANS,
President of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs.

to keep a correct list. The second meeting of the State Federation was held October 29th and 30th, with a full program and increased attendance, and its effect will doubtless be to broaden and deepen the work in Minnesota.

Back of all the surface and ephemeral demonstrations of the club movement there is a deep and underlying thought of human progress, and like the torch-bearer, when one grows weary of the toil and the struggle she passes the torch to a younger and stronger hand and bids the work go on.

"Peace, I am weary,
Art thou unwinded? Stand then and, shading
Eyes with the hand, peer forward and tell me
How fares the torch in the hand of the
runner?
Naught do I reck of my strength, gladly
yielded,
So it be only the torch goeth onward."

POET AND MAIDEN.



I.

*Once a Poet wandered, singing,
Past the blossomed squares of rye ;
Sweet his song ; the lark and linnet,—
All the chords in Nature's spinet,
Hushed their notes as he passed by,
And the South Wind in the corn
Held his breath in ecstasy.*

II.

*Low and tender was the music,
Light his touch and fairy clear ;
Hints of bliss and hope and rapture,
Sweet pursuit and sweeter capture,
Ravished the delighted ear.
When the Poet touched his lute,
Sleep and Silence yearned to hear.*

III.

*Came a gleesome maiden tripping
Gaily near the perfumed fields ;
Never sun kissed fairer creature,—
Fair of form and fair of feature,—
To the Poet's magic yields.
Ah, the maiden will submit
To the spell the Poet wields.*

IV.

*Long she listened till the night dews
Fell upon her gold-tressed head ;
Hastened home, and with the morning —
Fogs and black miasma scorning—
Came again,—but he had fled.
Then the song the Poet sung
Like shed leaf was still and dead.*

V.

*Sadly now the blighted maiden
Walks in sober Autumn ways.
Her reward, the husk and stubble,
Withered heart and wearing trouble ;
Vanished are Love's rainbow rays ;
Never Poet sings to her
All the weary winter days.*

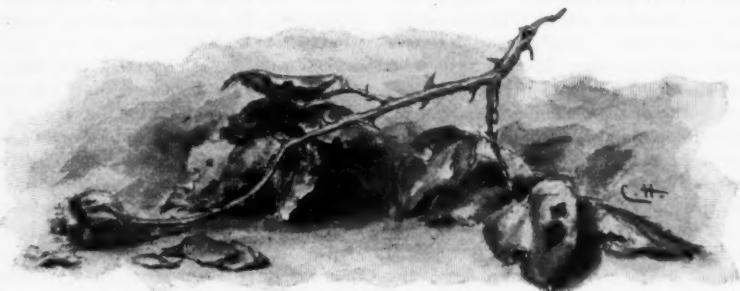
VI.

*Maiden, do not heed the Poet,
Singing in the bloom of May;
Loathes he matrimonial bridles,
Youth and Beauty are his idols,—
These from you will pass away.
Skies of blue and cheeks of rose—
Only these he loves alway.*

VII.

*List not, maiden, to the Singer,
Lighter is he than his lay,—
Woos his dream and scorns the real;
He is wed to the Ideal,
Loves to-morrow, not to-day.
Hearts are merely toys to him—
Only cared for in the play.*

John Dillehay Holmes.



ACROSS ENGLAND AND INTO SCOTLAND.

A QUIET SUNDAY IN LONDON — LOCH LOMOND, GLEN FALLOCH, OBAN AND THE ROUTE TO EDINBURGH.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XX.

IT WAS a cool, raw morning upon which we awoke, at half-past three, after a hard night of it upon the crowded steamer from Ostend to Dover.

The cliffs of Dover, crowned with fortifications and abounding in historic and poetic associations, stood out with strange vividness against the early morning light. Here it was, way back in King John's time, that the royalists successfully withstood the forces of the French and of the revolted barons. It was here, off Dover, that the Invincible Armada first gave evidence that nothing of man's make is invincible. Here at the opening of the Civil War the parliamentarians dislodged the royalists. Here, too, even more real to us than the actual facts of history, did the aged Lear, "as mad as the vexed sea," yet "every inch a king," confront the traitors of his own household with their treachery.

By the Southeastern Railway to London, through miles of hops, seemingly enough to supply all Britain and the rest of mankind with beer! We note in passing the pretty town of Sevenoaks and the beautiful little village of Chiselhurst. This last, climbing the hill on our left, contains the home of the exiled Napoleon III. and Eugenie. It was here the Emperor died, and in yonder church lay for a long time the remains of these two, with their son, the Prince Imperial, killed by the Zulus.

London was scarcely astir when we arrived. An early breakfast at the Grand Hotel, a room looking out upon Trafalgar Square, the Nelson Monument and the National Gallery, and we settled down to the quiet enjoyment of the Sunday. The weather had been intensely hot, so hot that the most stolid members of the English House of Lords lost their

temper and the most ambitious of commoners left off their silly hats! But Sunday was comparatively cool. Toward noon we set out for a walk, which ended in the inevitable cab. We found Pall Mall, with its clubs, its Marlborough House and St. James Palace, a somber and solemn street, at least on Sunday. Green Park was dry and Picadilly was dusty, the park and the thoroughfare dryly reminding us of "Green Fields and Picadilly." St. James Park was more attractive than Green. At its west end stood Buckingham Palace, the London home of the Queen, solemnly waiting our coming, yet evidently not in a mood to make the first advance! A troop of horses in front of the palace and sentries pacing up and down the walk inclined us to the opinion that this was not a good time to call. We extended our walk to Hyde Park, a large and beautiful area of four hundred acres, with artificial lakes and fountains, rustic bridges and flowers, but looking uncomfortably dry. We stopped in front of the Royal Institute and were diverted from its imposing architecture by the big advertisements of the exhibition of the royal wedding presents stored in this building for display in aid of some benevolent object. We found the city rather too big to do in a single morning walk, and so we surrendered to a cabman, and took a roundabout way back. We stopped in front of the Albert Memorial, a fine Gothic monument of the Prince Consort, took a long ride along Picadilly with Hyde Park on one side and elegant substantial homes on the other.

After a long night's rest we took the morning flyer for Glasgow.

It is indeed a flyer. It flies so fast one can scarcely read the names of the stations in big letters upon the station fences.

The train deigns to stop awhile at Litchfield, long enough to let us drop a dutiful tear to the memory of Sam Johnson, who was born and reared here. There is the old grammar school, now restored, where once sat Sam Johnson,

Addison and Garrick. The old Three-Crows Inn in the market place once entertained Johnson and his Boswell. That red sandstone building on the left is the Cathedral of Litchfield, with its three beautiful spires, a well-preserved relic of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, and styled by those who ought to know, "the Queen of English ministers." It is not so grand in proportions, but in symmetry and pleasing effects it is unsurpassed.

Stafford, Crewe, Leeds and Carlisle are reached and passed, and we are soon on the historic "debatable ground." Solway Firth stretches out before us on the left. Gretna Green, famous for romantic elopements, is passed without our special wonder. We cross the westward-flowing Sark and are in Scotland.

The headwaters of the Clyde are soon pointed out—a small stream now rushing down rocky hillsides and now calmly gliding along through fertile valleys.

Down, down and into town, and at 7 o'clock our eight or nine hours' journey is over. While waiting for a suburban train, in company with a friend who has met us at the station, we walk down to George Square, the finest open space in the city. This pretty park is surrounded by the Bank of Scotland, the Merchants' House, the Post-office and the Municipal Buildings. In the center of the square rises, eighty feet high, a column surmounted by a statue of Scott. Here is also an equestrian statue of the little Queen of England, moulded when Victoria was not nearly as dumpy as she is now. Another poses the rotund Prince of Wales in a heroic attitude. Numerous other statues adorn this interesting square.

Speaking of the Prince of Wales I asked an English lady, in the compartment with us, to tell me how the Prince looked when he sailed from Dover for Homburg a few days before. Looking at the Englishman opposite her to see if he really were as sound asleep as his breathing would indicate, she leaned toward me and answered :

"He's medium-sized and fat. He wore a common gray suit and a red tie."

This with a twinkle which said, "I, a loyal British subject, should say no more; now, draw your own conclusions."

The River Clyde, with its basins, docks and shipyards, is an interesting sight, perhaps the most interesting in Glasgow to those who realize that here by this river have been built the world's great ocean steamers,—first, sailing vessels; then side-wheelers built of wood; then screw propellers, built of iron; and, last of all, the present steel-wrought steamers that defy rough winds and seas and in less than a week make the voyage between continents which sixty years ago could not be made in less than three weeks under the most favorable circumstances. Only a few months before, the *Lucania*, last of the Cunard Company's great ocean greyhounds, was launched in the Clyde. The river was found to be too narrow to receive this giant among ships in the usual way. The steamer in its descent was therefore made to take a sidewise course and in this wise it slipped off into and down the river and out to sea.

We are off for Miln Gavie. We are met at the station by a coachman, and, driving through a quaint old town and out into the country, we soon enter the extensive grounds of a grand mansion several centuries old, a typical Scottish gentleman's home.

Our host informs us that one of the traditions that came to him with the place is that Charles II. was at one time a guest of some former proprietor, but he doesn't think the tradition would add materially to the value of the property or the rental. Surely Charles Stuart would show very poor taste to refuse the hospitality of a home so charming in location, overlooking miles of heath and hill and so inviting in all its exterior and interior arrangements. A delightful evening after our day's journeying. In the atmosphere of books and music and surrounded by rare works of art, the hospitable and cultivated host and hostess, with their

nieces, make the time allotted for our stop at Miln Gavie seem pitifully short.

We are seated upon the deck of the little Loch Lomond steamer at Balloch, twenty miles from Glasgow, and are looking up at cloud-piercing Ben Lomond.

Loch Lomond is twenty-three miles long, from four to five miles wide and from a hundred to five hundred feet deep. From its pebbly shores rise steep hills which lap one another, and above them all towers Ben Lomond. The clouds hover about its rough peak as if permanently anchored there. The water is clear and blue and richly gemmed with emerald islands.

The steamer blusters away from the pier and strikes out into the center of the lake. A mile out we see the castle of Boterich. We pass a large island and deer park and see Ross Priory, once a favorite summer haunt of Scott. Buchanan Castle, home of the Duke of Montrose, peers at us through great trees. Upon the island are the ruins of Lennox Castle, where the Duchess of Albany resided in her lonely widowhood after her father, husband and two sons fell under the headsman's ax at Stirling, more than 550 years ago. On the left is the home of the Smolletts, proud to be known as descendants of a famous author whom, happily, almost nobody reads nowadays.

Upon the left, mansion after mansion passes before us, surrounded by lawns and woods. Wooded islands are numerous and picturesque.

The steamer makes a stop at Balmaha pier, a point referred to in "The Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy," a spot where in the days of chivalry swords were often crossed.

We next turn and make for the opposite shore, threading our way among the islands, upon one of which is the site of an old monastery.

Loch Lomond begins to narrow, taking on more and more the appearance of a wide river. We reach Rowardennan on the right and are almost under the shadow of Ben Lomond, over three

thousand feet above us. Guides and ponies await the arrival of the boat to help the tourist in the four-mile ascent. Black spots, like flies, are moving about the apex of the great cone above us. Our glass shows the moving bodies are men and women.

The white ribbon which from Balloch seemed to hang upon Ben Lomond's side, ending in fringe, is now seen to be a small cascade taking rise in a spring well up toward the mountain top. The fall is so steep that in the descent the small volume of water loses itself in spray.

Soon all glasses are turned toward the hills on the right in search of the black spot that marks the cave in which Rob Roy found shelter.

Tarbet on the left is the landing place for Inveraray and other points of interest. A red-topped coach with four horses stands ready to take passengers.

Five miles farther on the opposite shore is Inversnaid with its pretty double cascade, its cottage hotel and its coaches for the Trossachs. Upon its opposite shore, towering above some old ruins are great hills, their jagged peaks rising far above the mist. These are matched by hills equally rough and grand upon the Inver-

snaid side, through which extends the pass to Loch Katrine.

We now proceed to Ardlui, the end of our steamer trip. We land in the rain. A "tuppence" for landing fee, an extra sixpence for the driver, and a few copers thrown at a very small boy with a very big bagpipe, at first to tune him up and afterwards to silence him, and with the aid of a step-ladder we are mounted upon the top of one of the two coaches headed toward Crianlarich station, through the famous Glen Falloch, a region through which the Falloch River rushes wildly over a rocky bed, forming many a cascade and making numerous picturesque turns on its way to Loch Lomond.

On that three hours' ride we passed through six or eight light showers. Part of the time we were enveloped in mist and it seemed as though we must be precipitated into the glen on our right as our four horses rushed galloping around the curves in the road. Then, again, the sun would come out and transform the glowing scene into one of marvelous beauty and grandeur. The water, so blue as to seem almost black, was lashed into foam as it tumbled over the rocks.



VIEW FROM INCHTAVANNOCH.—LOCH LOMOND—BEN LOMOND IN THE DISTANCE.



EDINBURGH, FROM CALTON HILL.

The hills were dotted with mountain sheep, white with black legs and faces. The mountain peaks pierced the mist and stood out in startling relief against the steel-gray sky.

There is one effect seen in these Grampian Hills which I have never beheld anywhere else—an effect perhaps exaggerated by the recent rains. The gray and dun hills, beautified by great masses of purple heather—which of itself was a continual delight—were also decorated with myriad white cascades which lost themselves in spray, each fringed like a ribbon badge. As we neared these decorations we could see the moving water and hear the rush. Looking back upon them, they resumed their places as decorations, their slight deflections from a regular course seeming like the fluttering of a badge fastened at the top.

It was a jolly party of Scotch and English folk, and many were the jokes flying between the English and the Scotch contingent. The Americans did duty chiefly in egging on the contestants in the duel of wit, and in laughing at the outcome.

With many a snake-like flourish and pistol-like snap of the long whip-lash, our driver galloped his horses down the

hill and into the station yard at Crianlarich.

Despite our umbrellas and wraps we were wet and bedraggled—and yet in the best of spirits! We wouldn't have missed that ride up Glen Falloch to the foot of Ben Lui and down into the beautiful valley of Loch Tay, had the price in personal discomforts been many times more than it was.

By rail to Oban, the great central point for excursions by steamer, rail and coach through the picturesque region of Western Scotland.

Oban stands upon the shore of a beautiful bay and is protected from the ocean by the rocky island of Kerrera. The bay is alive with boats, yachts and steamers. The principal street winds along the water's edge and the buildings facing the west are chiefly hotels, each commanding a little better view than all the rest!

The hard times haven't reached Oban. The hotels were crowded, and the dining-rooms were doing double duty.

At this, the northernmost point of our journeyings (at least a hundred miles north of the northernmost boundary of the Manitoba province in the Hudson's

Bay region), the summer twilight begins well on toward midnight.

At 9 o'clock we set out for a walk. We take the roadway to the south and reach a point from which a rare view is obtained. The sky is a gold-red sea, full of cloud islands. The bay reflects the sky in reddish bronze. The village, with its many-lighted windows, sends to the incoming boats and yachts a cheering welcome. Upon the craggy hill to the left of the town stands Dunolly Castle, its black tower making a clear-cut silhouette in the phosphorescent glow.

A heavy rain next morning cut off our anticipated excursion to Glencoe.

The ride to Edinburgh, far from being dull, was delightful. In the compartment with us were two United Presbyterian clergymen, one a young man who had been preaching in the Gaelic dialect in the north country. His elder proved to be the Rev. Robert Campbell, minister of Calton Church, Glasgow, secretary of the Clan Campbell and an author of some note, a rare man, Scotch in every fiber of his mind, soul and body, and yet broad as the world in his sympathy with humanity. Noting our interest in the scenery, he volunteered to be our guide on the journey, and never were tourists more fortunate in their guide. To him every hill and lake had a poetic and historic interest. From his eloquent tongue rolled, in rich Scottish accents, the beautiful poetry of Walter Scott, which is and always will be an inspired guide book to all this region. We never shall forget his rendering of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," in response to our request.

In quick succession appears before us, on our right Loch Etive and upon our left Loch Awe. Between the two solemnly stands Ben Cruachan. Loch Tay, long and narrow, then appears and

winds along the valley on our left. Upon our right the mountains rise so steep and high that we can scarcely see the sky above them. Loch Earn comes next. Here we turn to the south, getting a glimpse of Loch Vail. We stop at Callander, a beautiful resort. To our right is the pass leading to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine. We are near the very heart of Scottish poetry. Would that we might linger long in this region of beauty and romance!

The rain is left far behind us. The white-fringed and sheep-covered mountains disappear. Fruitful fields and thriving villages multiply. We near the River Forth, and, crossing the river, are at Sterling. There upon a great rock stands Sterling Castle, gravely inviting us to stop and "view the remains." As we look up at its light-gray walls, we find it hard to realize that this innocent-looking old castle is the very one whose walls succumbed to a three months' siege by Edward I. way back in the beginning of the Fourteenth Century, and was ten years later retaken by Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn; that here James II. and James V. of Scotland were born; that here James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas,—and so on to the end of the historical romance.

We look out to the right upon the historic field of Bannockburn where Bruce and his Scottish braves defeated the army of Edward II., the latter outnumbering the former three to one. Plowshares are winning victories there now.

The Firth of Forth stretches out like the ocean on our left. We enter Edinburgh and are soon at home in a front room of the Edinburgh Hotel, looking out upon the most beautiful and interesting city in the world — our world, at least.

THE ANTIQUE GOBLET.

THE castle, palace-like and grand,
Was built upon a mountain steep ;
Its cloudy towers and donjon keep
Were warders of disputed land,
Mysterious as the realm of Sleep.

I upward climbed — a weary way,
A silence slept on all around,
I seemed to tread enchanted ground —
The time was neither night nor day —
Until that castle gate I found.

I entered through a lofty hall,
Where pictured arras downward rolled
On either side, in sensuous fold ;
And blazing cressets, carved and tall,
Illumined arabesques in gold.

Majestic statues, here and there,
Were grouped in alcoves draped and fine ;
Like incense from some Orient shrine .
Sweet odors mingled with the air,
And wooed my soul to dreams divine.

On marble ranged, decanters stood
With goblets of the olden time,
Embossed with scenes of Trojan prime ;
And salver, wrought of precious wood,
Bore ripened fruit from every clime.

I took an antique goblet up,
Filled with rare vintage to the brim,
And watched the sparkling globules swim
Around the margin of the cup,
Until my eyes with tears were dim.

While, from the cup, a vapor dense
In cloud-like wreaths arose in view ;
The wine was tinged a ruddier hue,
And Love, confusing soul and sense,
Around me strange enchantment drew.

To meet me came a lady fair
In shimmering, silken robe arrayed ;
Her hair, unbound, in tresses strayed,
Kissed lightly by the odorous air
That round the painted arras played.

I gazed, transfixed in mute surprise,
And marveled what exquisite grace
Gave angel beauty to her face,
Until I saw her glorious eyes
Outshine the brightness of the place.

I placed the goblet in her hand,
In adoration bending low ;
The goblet held no draught of woe ;
In vain I sought to understand
What made her start and tremble so.

I whispered gently : "Lady, drink ;
In this rare goblet have I brought
A subtle wine distilled from Thought ;
The Soul of Thought — so poets think —
By Love's transcendent magic caught."

"I dare not drink ! " the lady cried.
Awakened echoes bore the sound
In moanful murmurs, round and round.
"To win my love a poet died ;
Another heart I dare not wound."

Then did the castle walls expand,
The pictured arras backward rolled,
The lights were out, the air grew cold,
The goblet vanished with her hand,—
And sudden clouds the scene infold.

Unreal as hope-begotten dreams
Became my trance-like reverie ;
The stars alone kept watch with me,
And by their dim, uncertain beams
I read my fate in fantasy.

U. D. Thomas.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

BY THE ROMAN LAW.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

WHEN my chum and I had finished our academic course at the State University, and had taken our B. Ph. degrees, we were both pretty well fagged by overwork.

We had gone in as "Preps" out of the public school from our home town and had pegged away steadily for five years. Besides finishing the regular course we had carried extra studies in economics and general history.

When we arrived home about the first of July we felt the need of rest and recreation. One morning, several days after our return, we met upon the street and, by way of diversion, strayed into the roomy law office of my classmate's father, Judge Cascaden.

The judge, who is one of the best lawyers in his state and usually busy, happened on that morning to be sitting at leisure. An assistant was droning to his shorthand clerk in the next room.

"Hullo, Younkers," was his greeting. "Sit down."

He threw aside a paper.

We sat at his table. It was always pleasant in his office, when the ex-judge could throw aside his work and his dignity.

"Say," he began, stretching out his legs and throwing his hands behind his head, "I've got a scheme for you fellows. I don't approve of the way you carried on at college, not going in a bit for base-ball or athletic sports of any sort. I was a good oar at Yale, stout and healthy as a buck all the time, and yet I managed to cram my noddle as full of stuff as the average. Now I understand you've done a deal of hard work; in fact, you both look it; you must do something to take that

wishy-washyness out of your faces. Don't go lazing around Minnetonka or any other lake, but get out onto the western plains or the mountains for a few months—shoot antelope and black-tail, and ride bucking ponies. I had a letter from cousin Ben Shield of Nebraska the other day. He's got a railroad grading contract in Wyoming and wants some of us to come out and visit him in camp this summer; says he will furnish transportation from Omaha. Now, I can't go; I'm too busy, but it's just the thing for you. You just take my advice and go along and stay a whole year out in that country before you begin your law studies seriously. Or, if you don't want to lose so much time altogether, you can take some law with you."

He got up as though the matter was settled; went to an unused corner of his library and pulled down a number of ancient volumes.

"Here," he said, piling them upon the table, "here are some books my grandfather used—a French print of Pothier, and some volumes of Grotius, Coke and Puffendorf. Begin with your Justinian; read these in order and then you'll be ready for a modern law course."

Although the plan was sprung upon us without an instant's warning, we took to it heartily, gave up our projected lake summering and went to Wyoming.

Along with our blankets, clothing, tents and ammunition, we packed the law books, and shipped our effects by rail.

It is not my purpose to tell of our life at Shield's railway camp, but I can "brief" it by saying that we tramped, hunted, geologized, botanized, and grew stout, rugged and brown as walnuts.

We even essayed riding some bucking ponies which visiting cow-boys loaned us for the purpose, and actually enjoyed the sensation of pitching over their heads into the sands of the North Platte River bottom.

In October when Shield finished his contract and took a new one in Nebraska, we staid behind.

We secured quarters at the "Half-Moon" ranch on Powder Creek, where the superintendent—a jolly Tennessean—made us heartily welcome to stay indefinitely. We earned our board, partly at least, by bringing in wood from the hills for the fireplace and fetching coal for the cook stove from an open vein in the gulch close at hand.

The ranch was a rambling log structure, and we had a good sized room to sleep in. As the weather came on colder we gave a part of our time to reading. Occasionally we rode out with the cow-boys upon the range and helped to round up cattle or stray horses.

We varied these pursuits twice each week by riding down to a little frontier town seven miles away for our mail.

Carson was a log town of the mongrel description which grows up on the cattle ranges in advance of projected railway lines. This town was now about thirty miles away from "end of track." It had two or three stores and its one squalid street was lined with saloons and gambling resorts. Built upon the bare cactus plain, its principal resource was its expectations, which, so far as we could discover, had not induced many respectable people to make it their home.

It was governed, if such a term might be used, by a deputy sheriff, a justice of the peace and a "marshall."

The deputy, Broady, was a noted gambler and acknowledged to be "mighty handy with a gun." 'Squire De Land, the justice, so it was said, was a hard drinker and a tool of Broady's. As we never heard anything about the "marshall" we presumed he amounted to nothing anyway.

Carson was, in fact, the resort only of

the rougher element of the ranchmen and cow-boys of that part of Carson County.

One afternoon we rode into town and found unusual excitement on the street. All the inhabitants of the place—at least it seemed so—and a number of cow-boys whom we had seen, from the "Bar X" and Shoshone ranches, were crowded in and about the office of the deputy sheriff and justice of the peace. Judging from inflamed faces and excited looks, which were turned upon us as we rode in, whisky had circulated freely during the day, and in more than the usual quantity.

After alighting and "hitching our horses to the ground"—throwing the bridle reins off in front—we elbowed our way toward the post-office door. The post-office was in a grocery and drug store adjoining 'Squire De Land's office.

There was a gabble of confused and excited talk, and as we passed through the crowd we caught the remarks:

"Hang him, that's what they'll do."

"You bet, that's the way to call down a hoss-thief."

By which we understood that a pony stealer had been caught and was to be hung, which was not an unusual occurrence in that region.

Just as we were about entering the post-office, however, a cow-boy whom we had seen at Shield's camp, caught Ad by the shoulder. "Say," he exclaimed, "you two boys know the feller in thar."

"What fellow?" asked Ad.

"W'y, a feller 'twus in ol' man Shield's camp—what's stole a hoss an' goin' t' hang fer it."

"Why, who can it be?" we asked in a breath.

"Don't know 'is handle; foller me and take a look at 'im," said the cow-boy sententiously.

He thrust the crowd aside, roughly, as we followed in his wake. Jamming our way through the open door, we found ourselves in a dark hole of a place which answered for Carson's temple of justice.

Seated at a rough table in the center of the room, a crowd of men—among them the deputy and justice—were playing

cards. Others were standing and lounging about looking on.

"Here's our feller," said the cow-boy, as he stopped in front of the one, low window of the room. What we saw was the form of a man or boy stretched at full length upon a rough jury bench which stood against the wall.

He was lying with his face downward between his outstretched arms, his forehead resting against a pair of iron handcuffs on his wrists. He was evidently crying, as his whole body was shaken by choking sobs which were pitiful to hear.

"Had 'is trial yer see," said the cow-boy, "'n goin' ter be hanged at six o'clock — feelin' awful tough."

In the murky, smoky atmosphere of the room we were not able to recognize any acquaintance in what we could yet see of the poor fellow. Ad bent over and shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Look up," he said, and perhaps rashly, "there's friends here."

A convulsed, tear-stained face was turned quickly toward us.

"Why, it's Gallinger!" we both fairly shouted.

The poor fellow raised himself to a sitting posture, and then burying his face in his manacled hands, burst into a storm of heart-breaking sobs.

We sat down on either side of him, and each threw an arm about him, with the single thought in our minds that the boy was utterly innocent of the crime of stealing a horse or anything else.

We had known him well at the railway camp, where he had been "stable boy" and generally useful in looking after odds and ends. He had been clever and good-natured on all occasions. He had some laryngeal trouble which prevented him speaking only in a hoarse whisper, and this, combined with his qualities, gained for him our sympathy and interest. When he had managed to quiet his sobbing, so that he could use the little voice he had, he told his story.

The card players and the rough crowd in the justice's room glanced our way occasionally with cold and curious looks.

To begin at the beginning: Early in the summer there had been a fellow working in Shield's camp by the name of Waters. He had taken a strange dislike to Gallinger, and had delighted in tormenting the boy and in mimicking his peculiarity of speech. He had carried his persecutions in this line so far that Gallinger, who was naturally quick-tempered, got angry one day and gave him a good drubbing. This the fellow deserved, and the whole camp had been tickled at Gallinger's performance.

Waters, who had been a cow-boy and rustler at one ranch and another for a number of years, was not popular in camp, but was shrewd enough, after having been thoroughly licked, to take it good naturally, or at least to seem to do so. In fact, he changed his tactics entirely and succeeded in making friends with Gallinger, and on the whole gained more of consideration in the camp than he could have done in any other way. This part of the story of the connection of these two we had already known. The sequel was what we succeeded in getting from Gallinger in his present wretched condition.

It seems that when Shield broke camp and went back to Nebraska, Waters had gained such a firm hold upon Gallinger as to induce him to remain in the country and try cow-boy life. While in camp with Shield, Waters had owned a pony — or at least he claimed to own one — which he kept tethered with the stock belonging to the outfit. The pony had gone lame, — so Waters said, — and a short time before Shield broke camp he had turned it loose upon the prairie. He told Gallinger at the time that he did not know whether the pony would ever get well or not; that if it strayed among the hills and got lost he wouldn't be out much anyway. The pony, in fact, did stray off, and was lost sight of for weeks. Gallinger secured a place as rider with the Circle-V ranch, and meeting Waters sometime afterwards asked him if he had ever found the pony. Waters said "No." He never had hunted for it and wasn't going to hunt

for it; and if Gallinger should find it while he was riding anywhere he might "take it up" and keep it for his own. One pony more or less didn't amount to anything, anyway.

Poor, simple-minded Gallinger, born and reared in a farming community where men were taken at their word, fell into the trap set for him.

He found the pony, some days after this, "caught it up" and rode it into Carson. Waters was in town, and immediately swore out a warrant and procured Gallinger's arrest. A couple of "tough" associates had assisted the fellow in swearing to his property, and as nobody in town knew the poor boy, matters had gone sadly against him. To make the case worse, a number of "punchers" were in from a ranch which had lost a large bunch of stock—run off by "rustlers"—only the week before. These men were more than commonly incensed against all thieves, and two of them had been selected to sit with the six jurymen, who had brought in a prompt verdict of "guilty."

"What shall we do, Ad,—something, surely?" I asked anxiously, after we had listened to Gallinger's recital. For reply Ad rose to his feet, looked about the room, then drew himself to his full height, assuming an attitude we had learned to know and respect in society rooms at college.

"Gentlemen," said he, in his deep, strong voice. Every eye was turned wonderingly in one direction—the card players sat motionless, with "hands" cautiously turned down. "Gentlemen, you have committed a grave mistake in the trial and conviction of this poor boy sitting here. I am glad my friend and I came in time to save you from a fatal error, which would undoubtedly have cost an innocent life. Now, here are two reliable witnesses who have been acquainted with this boy and his family for years and can testify to his innocence. We demand a new trial in his behalf!"

This was said in the firm and commanding tone of one who expects that

his words will have weight. But the bold speech only succeeded in arousing the rough crowd to perilous opposition. The men bent darkening looks upon us. Broady arose to his feet, threw his cards upon the table, drew a heavy "six-shooter" from his belt, and laid it upon the cards. "Lookehyer, young feller," he roared, "you two tenderfoots can't come into no Carson court o' jestice, en lay down the law ter nobody. Ye'll best *instinkly* understand that p'int right hyer. En the sooner ye git out o' this en hit th' high places, the most likely ye air ter git back safe ter yer par an' mar. *See?* Hope my meanin' air tolerable plain ter ye."

De Land had also arisen and stood with a hand threateningly upon the holster at his hip.

Broady's speech, too, brought rough and emphatic expressions of approval from the crowd about the table and the doorway.

The cow-boy who had come in with us stepped back two or three paces, leaned against the wall and folded his arms in non-committal fashion. It was an exciting moment, in which poor Gallinger's fate hung upon the turning of a hair. In that darkened room, facing the still darker gleam of hostile eyes, with the fate of a fellow mortal resting upon the next words my friend might utter, I felt my breath come and go in quick, labored gasps, and a deadly chill of terror creep over my flesh. For one intensely-dramatic moment we stood facing the fiercely excited mob.

And right here I want to say that if Ad Cascaden shall live as I hope he may—to become eminent in his profession—he will never do a more effective or braver thing than he did on the following instant. He walked deliberately forward until face to face and within arm's length of the grim sheriff and the justice.

"Gentlemen," said he calmly, "I may be a tenderfoot, but I know something of law, and of what is legal and proper in court practice and criminal trial. My father has for years been judge of a district court in the state in which I live, and

I shall begin the practice of law soon. What have I learned with regard to the trial and conviction of the prisoner who sits yonder? Simply this,—he has been arrested, tried, convicted and condemned to death, all within the space of four hours' time, and you propose to hang him at sundown. He has had no time to prepare a defense, and no lawyer to defend him, none of the rights which the law extends in every state, territory and foreign dominion to the blackest criminal on earth. *Now, then,* and his voice arose in thrilling tones that compelled a hushed attention, "I am here and my friend with me to furnish testimony in behalf of this prisoner, and legal counsel for his defense to which, under the statutes of your territory, he has an absolute legal right. You, Mr. Justice,"—and he thrust a warning finger almost into the teeth of that blear-eyed, dangerous individual,— "will either grant the new trial we ask or I shall ride to the nearest telegraph station and wire the United States marshal at Cheyenne a full report of your proceedings and ask the district court to order your arrest and arraignment."

This bold speech had an almost electrical effect. The crowd fell away from the table at its close and some even moved back nearer to myself and Gallinger. The threat of appeal to the United States marshal evidently touched the justice and the sheriff in a tender spot, and the boldness and authority of Ad's manner must have convinced them of his ability to invoke those potent powers. They conferred together in whispers for a moment, and then De Land, the justice, spoke. He assumed, as well as his half-drunken condition would permit, an air of easy nonchalance.

"Ef y'u fellers is reely w'at y'u says," he drawled, "lawyers a knowin' uv th' law, an' y'u hes new everdence tu interjuce, this hyar court 'll jes call the jury back tu set on th' case, en this court 'll change the verdict fer cawse—*fer cawse*, see? But lookee, Mr. Lawyers, "they haint no sech thing as grantin' new trials in this court. Savey? Call th' jury, Mr.

Broady, en we'll see w'at these yere gen'lmin' hes tu say." And he very gravely and with studied deliberation took his seat.

Ad turned to me for an instant and, despite the seriousness of the case, a gleam of humor shot from his eyes. Hope sprang up in us. If we could only keep a bold front and "cheek" it out, we might even yet win Gallinger back to life and liberty. Ad came over to me, cool and collected.

"Now," said he, "I'll get them to delay while you jump a pony and ride after some law books. Get out of this and fly, and bring all you can carry."

He then turned to the "court" and asked for delay until I could ride to the Half-Moon Ranch for our "books of law and authority." After some consultation between Broady and DeLand, this was granted.

Five minutes later I was clattering away towards the ranch, and at sundown I returned with a sack of law books tied to my saddle behind. The court had adjourned for supper, leaving a guard over Gallinger who was furnished with some crackers and coffee, and I found Ad trying to cheer the poor fellow and coaxing him vainly to eat. Ad was feeling almost as despondent as the unfortunate boy himself. He took me one side presently and told me that Waters, in my absence, had been steadily plying the crowd with drink and talking even to the jurymen against Gallinger. It had been a mistake, he said, waiting for the law books. We ought to have struck while the iron was hot, and the men in a mood to listen. He did not now believe that we stood any show of winning. But we piled our law books upon the table—Kent's Commentaries, Coke upon Littleton, and a copy of the Institutes of Justinian, in Latin and English. In all we had nine formidable volumes with which to confront the primitive court of Judge Lynch. Then with heavy hearts we awaited developments.

Presently the court and its motley attendants came straggling in. There were

two smoky lanterns burning, hung to the beams above either end of the table. By the light of these we were able to take note of the crowd as it gathered in the room again. A brief survey left little hope in our minds for the safety of our client. There was a drunken, stolid stare in the eyes of most of the jurymen, and a general threatening aspect in the crowd.

Boys as we were, we fully realized the peril of the situation. This drunken, frontier mob had been insidiously worked up to the lynching point,—the sentiment turned, by drink and persuasion, completely against us. I noted, however, as Broady and De Land came in and seated themselves, that they cast their eyes upon our array of law books with some show of surprise and even of respect. They had probably never seen so much legal authority brought together in all their adventurous western experience — perhaps in all their lives.

Ad lost no delay in opening the case. He called me to the witness stand to tell what I knew of the quarrel at Shield's camp, between the defendant and Waters, and also to testify as to Gallinger's life-long character.

Then he took the stand and, under my questioning, swore to substantially the same facts. We were both able to identify the pony—which had been pointed out to us outside—as the same which Waters had claimed at the railroad camp.

Gallinger, also, was called on to speak in his own behalf, which he did, telling his story in pathetic whisperings which brought tears into the eyes of his impromptu attorneys, in spite of their efforts to seem calm and confident. But the jury and the crowd remained stolidly indifferent.

When Waters was called on by Broady to take the stand — literally a "stand" leaning against the wall — and tell his story in rebuttal,—to which of course we could not object,—he swore positively that he had never released his ownership of the pony, but had "ben huntin' fer the critter off 'n on" ever since it strayed. "An' gen'l'm'n," the fellow concluded,

turning shrewdly to the jury, "s'posen I hed of said I didn't hev no use fer th' durned bronco whilst I was at ol' Shield's camp, I didn't hev no use fer him *whilst he was lame.*"

"That's so; you bet!" came from the crowd. "He never give up no pony." And the dogged ones of the jury nodded assent with emphasis.

"It's all day with poor Gallinger," I whispered to Ad. But my partner turned coolly to the judge, and in the calmest and most deferential manner, said :

"Your *Honor*,"— with unction of emphasis,— "this last admission of the *only witness in the case against our client* takes away any necessity for an argument on our part."

With the utmost confidence and authority in his manner, Ad advanced to the table and took up the *Institutes of Justinian*. "Your *Honor*," he repeated impressively, "let me read the law for the benefit of these gentlemen sitting as jurors in your honorable court."

He turned the leaves of the book for some minutes while the rough assemblage stood with mouths agape, and the justice and the sheriff settled back with expectant, non-committal faces. Then in a sonorous, ringing voice, Ad read, in *Latin* : "Qua ratione verius esse videtur si rem pro derelicto a domino habitat occupaverit quis, statim eum dominum effici. Pro derelicto autem habetur quod dominus ea mento abjecerite ut id rerum suarum esse nollet, ideoque statim dominus esse desinit. Or, in other words, that which is seized on — taken up as this bronco was — when abandoned — turned loose — by its owner, and is cast aside for *any cause* as worthless to *himself*, is therefore no longer a part of his property, but the property of whoever shall take it up and take care of it. Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, did you ever in all your court-room experience listen to plainer law than this?"

The effect was magical.

Those sonorous Latin words, and his prompt *free* interpretation of them, subdued that crowd as by some potent

charm. Broady and De Land wilted under them.

Latin law defining the limits of ownership in cow ponies!

'Squire De Land recovered himself and got to his feet in time to take advantage of so momentous an occasion. He kept his feet a little unsteadily, but his broad bosom expanded under his woolen shirt and his eyes dilated.

"These hyer proceedin's is squashed," he declared in tones of supreme authority. "This court haint a-goin' dead ag'in th' law, when law is plain en straight like

that thar," pointing to the book which Ad had thrown, with affected assurance and carelessness, upon the table. "Gen'lem'n uv th' jury, they haint no more use fer ye under th' law an' the *everdence*. This hyer court, by my authority, air a'journed—*sign er die*."

And he fell back upon his bench in a high state of pride and self-importance.

The crowd dispersed noisily and rushed to the various saloons for refreshment.

Broady good-naturedly took off Gallinger's manacles and set the delighted fellow free, while Ad and I hugged him.

A STORY OF THE SAND HILLS.

BY ROSA HUDSPETH.

I.

BERT MORRIS!"
"Yes, ma'am."

"You may remain in your seat at the close of school this evening."

Hulda Hindman tapped the little copper bell three times. There was a general hustling of books into desks, a scramble and scurry of feet upon the floor, and the whole school sat bolt upright, waiting for the signal that would release them for the day.

Two taps and the pupils were all on their feet. Another, and Hulda sang out in a clear soprano the first verse of "Marching Through Georgia." The refrain was taken up at once by the school, and the long line of boys and girls, formed without any regard to age or size, marched slowly around the outer aisle and down toward the door. There were grown girls and half-grown girls, little girls in pinafores and little boys in kilts. There were young men with shuffling steps and Denham blouses. There was that hybrid species, awkward and loose-jointed, which cannot be designated as man or boy. In short it was the typical country school, with all the varying sizes from infancy to manhood and all the grades from the kindergarten to the high school.

Standing on the rostrum, beating time with a ruler, one hand outstretched as if to keep each pupil in place, Hulda saw Bert Morris bringing up the rear end of the column with as much nonchalance as if he had been excused along with his fellow students.

Some of the big boys ducked their heads and snickered. The girls winked or shook their heads. The little ones crept along scared and fearful of an impending catastrophe.

"Bert!"

The teacher advanced and laid her hand on his arm.

"You are not excused, I believe."

He glanced back defiantly and shut his lips as if he meant to challenge her authority. His eyes didn't flinch. Hulda's face looked calm and determined. She saw that he was determined to hold his ground and measure his force against her own. "Bert," she said, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you be impolite enough to leave the room when I requested you to remain in your seat?"

His gaze fell. He wheeled around, walked down the aisle and dropped into his seat.

Hulda came back and sat down upon the desk facing him. "You understand it's against the rules of the school to communicate to another by words or letters or signs?"

"Yes'm I do."

"You passed a note this afternoon to Genis McGruder?"

"It was not my note."

"You passed it for someone else?"

He nodded.

"For whom?"

"I wouldn't be unmanly enough to give it away."

Hulda toyed with her watch-chain and looked puzzled. There was a sturdiness of mind, a peculiar masterfulness about the boy, that she had always liked. He had never disobeyed her in the whole year she had taught in the Valley. When she first came into the district she had been warned against the hasty temper and stubbornness of the boy. He had always been hard to manage both at school and at home. His mother had died when he was a baby and his father had soon married again.

"Old Man Morris" was famed throughout the Valley as a man who held the "whip hand" over his boys. He was an ardent supporter of the old system of corporal punishment. On different occasions he had been known to take his boys to the barn where he had administered such castigation that the more humane neighbors talked of turning the old man over to the law.

Hulda's heart went out in sympathy to the boy. She studied his disposition, got on the good side of his nature and soon interested him in his work until he was the most docile and well-behaved pupil in the school. This pleased the old gentleman so much that he came down to school one morning and told the teacher he intended to send Bert to Omaha as soon as he had mastered the common branches.

II.

The last day of school is a great event to the people of Diamond Valley. For weeks there are rehearsals and singings

and meetings that keep the whole vicinity in a flutter. The school is a bedlam of fuss and preparation. Verses are committed surreptitiously from behind geographies and grammars, dialogues are inveigled from desks, and the teacher is at her wit's end to keep up even a show of interest in the work of the school-room.

At last, when the eventful day arrives, the children have undergone a metamorphosis which brings them out decked in the colors of the rainbow. They look like birds of brilliant plumage. Dashes of pink and blue shine up and down the aisles, bright ribbons flutter, young girls in roseate colors sidle into seats, leading by the hand a small sister or brother for a first introduction into the mysteries of an education. Hands that have not been thoroughly washed for weeks are now scoured to a rough cleanliness. Jeans has given place to corduroy and twilled cotton. Shirt waists are visible where before were only "jerkers" and ragged coats. There are white fronts and red ties, polished boots and new shoes; there is ostentatious dress, display, envy, pride,—for Diamond Valley is after all only the world rudely reflected in miniature.

By noon the seats are filling rapidly. Great baskets and boxes are brought in and left in the hall or deposited in the corners. Wagons and carts stand hitched to the enclosure around the grounds. An occasional horseman rides up and, dismounting, hitches his horse to a wagon and enters the building. He is in his Sunday suit and wears a kerchief at his neck and a slouch hat upon his head. He is young and broad-shouldered, with arms and legs like a Hercules.

By 1 o'clock the boards are spread over the desks and, amid shrieks and confusion, amid the crying of babies and the laughter of children, there is brought forth an indescribable array of stuffed fowls, baked meats, doughnuts, pickles, and pies, which could not be eaten by the whole assembly in less than three days. No stint or stinginess is there about the people of Diamond Valley. The best of good

cheer prevails; jests are passed from board to board; young people try wish-bones and joke over the pickles. Compliments on the edibles are exchanged by the women and sarcastic repartees indulged in by facetious husbands.

When dinner is over and the boards are cleared away the school is ready for the "speaking" which consists of songs intermingled with learned declamations, and an occasional dialogue remarkable mainly for its great length and the monotonous voice of the actors. There is a stage separated from the audience by a dark curtain manipulated by two small boys who titter intermittently from behind.

Over these exercises Hulda presided and looked the personification of taste and culture to the toil-worn men and women hungering for a little music and amusement to break the monotony of their isolated lives. Dressed in black brilliantine with a white line at her throat and wrists, her hair coiled in a fluffy pug

at the back of her head, she looked to her audience like one born to the grace and dignity of a queen. Many a tired wife looked at the slender form and, sighing, contrasted the ease and independence of her life with the toil and drudgery of her own.

The exercises over and the visitors gone, Hulda was besieged by a phalanx of children clamoring for kisses. They crowded around her, held to her skirts, fondled her hands and begged her to stay a little longer and visit in the Valley. Bert lingered at his desk till the children had all packed their books and gone. Then, coming down the aisle to where she stood piling the books away in her desk, he said :

"Do you know whether you are coming back to teach again in the Valley, Miss Hindman?"

"I am not quite sure," she replied hesitatingly; "but if I don't get back again, you will remember the plans we have made for the next year's work, and go on just as if I were here?"

"Remember!" he cried, flushing to the temples. "Can I ever forget what you have done for me, Miss Hindman?"

As he spoke, he paled, flushed; his eyelids trembled and drooped. The room seemed wrapped in a haze and the air oppressed him till he could hardly get his breath. He advanced a step or two toward her, his hands trembling, but Hulda's eyes were on her books and she did not see his agitation. "Miss Hindman," he blurred, "if I could only kiss you, too."

"You may if you like," she answered impulsively, not thinking that the boy believed himself a man.

In a flash he held her in his arms. His lips had touched her own. Then he drew back, his face colorless, his eyes burning with a fire that Hulda saw and understood.

"Foolish boy," she thought and, turning, went to the window and



Photo by Pearson, Des Moines.

MISS ROSA HUDSPETH.

kissed a little turquoise ring that sparkled new and bright upon the forefinger of her left hand.

III.

There are some natures so constituted that years do not age nor trouble sadden them. They are like the rhododendron. Storm and wind may pass over the plant beating it to the earth, but it rises again, fresh and erect as if it had only been swayed by a passing breeze.

At the age of twenty-five, Hulda, though having learned some of the saddest lessons the human heart can know, was still but a girl in the full power of a resplendent maturity. The face was yet round and fair and smooth. The lips were still unchanged except a little droop at the corners which lent a suggestion of resignation to the lower part of the face. In the fearless blue eyes was the same sheen as of old. The lids were a trifle heavy but that might be due to thought or study.

Hulda had just got back from school in the evening and stood at the window looking out into the air filled with sparkling flecks of snow. Great piles of amethyst and gold-colored clouds in the west were gradually fading into a dull gray mist which had almost obscured the world above. The trees on the hill-tops, silhouetted against the sky, looked bare and deserted. Off to the south stretched the sand hills, bleak and treeless,—an undulating, uninhabited plain. Suddenly through the mist, across the track and over the bridge, came a horseman, riding as if to escape the coming storm. As he neared the house, Hulda noticed, by his dress and bearing, that he was not a resident of the country. He wore a long gray ulster, a black soft cap and kid gloves. Coming up to the barn, he dismounted and entered into conversation with the man who owned the ranch.

In a few minutes the ranchman, with a pail of water in each hand, came in bringing the stranger with him.

"Gent on his way to Omahaw, Sary," he said, addressing his wife,—a black-eyed woman with gaunt hands and a frowzy head, who stood at the corner

of the table paring a pan of potatoes. "Ev'rything bids fair fur a blizzard to-night; looked all day jis as it did the winter of '87,—soft underfoot, bright overhead, not a breeze stirrin', 'n' the sky as clear as water. There's somethin' terrible sly about these storms, deceitful and sneakin', 'n' they allus swoop down on ye when yer least expectin' it."

The stranger removed his cap and bowed politely. The woman, drying her hands on her apron, opened the middle door and led the young man into the sitting-room. It was a neat, old-fashioned room with a rag carpet, and a little stove that crackled and roared like the oncoming of the storm.

As the man entered the room his eyes fell on Hulda, who had risen and was standing by the side of her chair. He started, paled, then came toward her with the light of recognition in his eyes. "Hulda Hindman!"

A long stride and he stood before her holding her hand in his own. Hulda tried to remember where she had seen the man before. There was something in the broad brow, the brown eyes and the wavy hair that looked familiar, but she could not place the man nor speak his name.

"Don't you remember Bert Morris, Hulda?" he asked, and, smiling half cynically through the points of his brown mustache, he added: "I presume I have changed a little—a trifle in some respects. Seven years is a long time; but it has brought no change to you, Miss Hindman, except perhaps that your face is a little sadder."

"Mrs. Wycoff," she corrected, with a touch of sadness in her tones.

Bert drew himself back and stood regarding her intently for some minutes. "You are married—you live here—out upon the very fringe of civilization? You?"

"I was married the summer after I taught in the Valley; I presume you heard of it—to a conductor on the railway—but an accident happened—and—and—I am alone again—and"—

He had removed his ulster and laid his things upon the table. For a minute he stood silent, his head bowed, his eyes bent upon the floor. Then he dropped into a chair and, leaning over against the table, said without looking up at her: "Hulda, I am *so* sorry for you."

What a strange, subtle power there is sometimes in a word, or an intonation, or an expression that plays only for a second upon the face. It can penetrate the heart and stir the hidden deeps that have not been touched for years. In response to his quick sympathy, her woman soul turned toward him as naturally as a flower opens toward the sun. She had outlived the first shock, the keen heart-pangs of an early grief and, picking up the broken threads of life, she had begun weaving again with a brave heart and a steady hand. At the sound of his voice, with its tender inflection, a new hope, dim and indefinable, sprang into her heart. Time is a great healer, and nature's recuperative powers are wonderful. In real life it is no unusual thing for a heart broken by disappointment to heal with the passing of years and to love again with an affection even stronger than the passion of early youth.

"Strange, isn't it?" she said musingly, looking up after a little thoughtful pause, "that we should meet again in this way, out on the frontier, and that I should be teaching again. But I would like to hear of yourself and what the years have been to you. In the future I hope we shall not lose sight of each other entirely."

A shadow passed over his face, but it was gone almost as quickly as it came.

"Well, to begin," he said, "I have finished school and have come out on a vacation to the Hills this winter. There is little else to tell, except—that I have looked in vain for a girl like you and have never found her. I have been attracted by many, but none were what you seemed to me when I knew you in the Valley. Of course you know I used to care for you. I suppose you thought it was only a boy's foolish fancy, but one

of my temperament can never love *but once*."

His eyes were intense. His full, determined mouth quivered and shut with a firmness which brought out the strength in the lower part of the face.

"Ah," she answered, "the world is so wide, so full of people, and there are so many we *might* care for, if we only took the trouble to know them."

The next morning the wind had gone down and a heavy snow lay upon the ground. After breakfast, while Hulda got ready for school, Bert went out and saddled and bridled his horse. That done, he came in and met Hulda at the threshold, hooded and wrapped for her walk to the school. "Before I go, I wish you would answer a question I'm going to ask you, Hulda, and answer me simply yes or no."

He looked out into the air trembling on the hills in the distance, and said slowly: "When you married Mr. Wycoff did you care for him,—that is, did you *love* him?"

She inclined her head a little and, bending her face toward her bosom, replied: "I could never have married a man without loving him, Bert."

He held out his hand. "It's all over, Mrs. Wycoff. I have loved you always, and so I shall go on to the bitter end." He wheeled about, and, mounting his horse, rode swiftly over the bridge and up the hill. The bare trees glinted with myriad beads of frost and the snow glistened like crystals. The sky looked bleak and blue and cold.

As he dashed along he looked back. Hulda was standing just where she had stood when he thrust her from him and climbed upon his horse. A shimmering flood of light danced over her shoulders, which now drooped as if from age or sorrow. The whole attitude was one of unutterable desolateness and despair. He put the spur to his horse and tried to drive her memory from his mind. But the sweet, womanly face, with its brave eyes, was before him with a distinctness which refused to leave at his bidding.

"Poor little Hulda!" he thought. How cruel fate had been to her. How barren her life had been in the past; how desolate it would be in the future. And with all her beauty, her sweetness, her innate refinement of mind and heart, she would be buried alive out in the Sand Hills, where she must suffer all the cruelties which the world has for one who must make her own way!

And then he began pitying himself. This was the end. The one dream of his life had been to meet her again, to look into her eyes, to listen to her voice, to clasp her hand again. And now that the dream was at last realized, he had pushed the sweet vision from him forever. He had himself dashed the last hope away and henceforth life would be but a waste, over which he must wander without aim, all through the years, with only an image in his heart and a memory in his brain!

After all, she might not have loved with her whole soul the man whom she had married; or, if she had, was not her heart large enough to also include his love; or, would it not be a cowardly thing to acknowledge that the dead man was his rival? Did not that last look she gave him tell its own story of her love for him?

Mechanically he turned his horse and rode slowly back down the hill. A thick volume of blue smoke rose from the chimney of the little log school-house in the valley. Two or three urchins, wrapped and bundled into shapeless forms, trudged through the snow toward the building. He rode up before the door, dismounted, tied his horse and entered. "Hulda," he cried, "I can never face life without you. Tell me that you will come with me—that you will try—"

A great light broke over her face and transfigured it. He knew that this was the end of all his doubts and fears.

MY HEART'S IN GALILEE.

THE day is ending; faster, faster,
The dark comes on o'er land and sea;
I close the Book, but still beside the Master
I walk through Galilee.

Through date and palm the breezes, softly stealing,
The lily stir upon her graceful stem;
And on the air are whispered tales of healing
And speech of Bethlehem.

Anon I hear the lisp of little voices
Where 'mid the flowers wild the children play,
And catch another sound as Age rejoices
To meet Him on His way.

Half dreaming thus, I see, the Book before me,
The Gentle One who healed beyond the sea,
And as the precious twilight stealth o'er me,
My heart's in Galilee.

T. C. Harbaugh.

EXILES FROM ARCADY.

BY EUGENE SCHAFFTER.

THE day's work was over, and the Dagos were coming in from the track to their boarding cars near the gravel pit. All day long they had been shoveling gravel under the ties. The foreman, an American, was well enough satisfied with them, and had complimented the crowd, in a grandiose way, upon their achievements. For he prided himself upon treating them differently from other foremen, and often remarked that an Irishman didn't know the first principles of handling Dagos.

But Henson was peculiar in more respects than this. He was a tall, red-whiskered man, of nervous, vivacious temperament, and at different times in his multifarious career had sold coffins, lectured on the late War, studied law and theology, and worked as railway agent and foreman. Some who knew him a long time ago even affirmed that he began his career as manager of a small menagerie, consisting of a buffalo calf, a wolf in a cage, some prairie dogs and a couple of snakes, and that with this "colossal aggregation" he went on a circuit from one town to another, and as he entered a new place he put on a tall plug-hat, bestrode the buffalo, and went proudly down the principal street, crying aloud in a warning tone: "The gentlemen will now look to their teams, and the ladies to their baby-cabs, as Henson's Great Menagerie is about to enter your town."

A man with so many irons in the fire is no rarity in the West. Henson had tried many ways of life, and was proud of himself in all of them. As foreman he boasted that he had his Dagos under perfect control, that a little kindness would do wonders with them, and that they obeyed his slightest wish. He was hail-fellow-well-met with Interpreter Granato, a big, swarthy Italian from Palermo. This mark of confidence told with Granato, and was

probably the secret of Henson's control of the gang.

The ballasting on track was hard work for the Dagos, and they were glad enough when the sun slanted westward and 6 o'clock approached. The wind, too, had blown hard and persistently from the south,—a hard, dry, merciless prairie wind, which wore upon one's patience. It was little wonder, then, that as the men shouldered their shovels and started down the grade towards the boarding cars Gaspar Gavola should say, *sotto voce*, to Jim Pastor:

"And it seems to me that we have a fool for a foreman. He knows nothing, the red-beard!"

Pastor muttered: "A brute!" And the two cronies enlarged upon their grievances as they descended the hill.

Gavola was short and squat, with a brutal, carbuncled face, lit up with eyes of a sinister, shiny black. For clothes he wore baggy pantaloons, considerably patched, and a coat too large for him, which hung around one shoulder. He was not a pleasant man to look at and had made trouble more than once in the gang. Only to-day Henson had warned him through the interpreter that if he did not do better work he would be "fired." Pastor had also been threatened several times with like condign punishment; but his servile behavior had deceived the foreman into thinking that after all he was not a bad fellow. His appearance was little more prepossessing than Gavola's. This precious pair were no strangers to each other; both had been "exported" from Sicily under circumstances which made speed and distance *desiderata*. A disagreement with the rich owner of a vineyard near Palermo, for whom they worked, led to an unsuccessful vendetta, and they left the fair island at the point of the carabiniers' bayonets. Together

they came to America, and now in the far-western prairie land were nourishing the old spirit of discontent.

They reached the boarding cars almost the last of all. Pasqual Serafino, the big booby, was playing a Sicilian air on his flageolet, as he did every evening. Granato was handing out macaroni and bread from the stock of supplies which he alone purchased for the gang.

"The old thief!" muttered Gavola to Pastor, as they saw the interpreter making entries in his account book for the food given out, which was to be charged to the men.

The gang of Dagos swarmed in and out of the cars and along them; some building fires and putting on water to boil for the macaroni; others cutting bread and sausage; some smoking before eating; others lying supine and exhausted on the ground. Near at hand the river ran, deep in a zone of trees; and overhead the whitish blue of the sky was giving way to the darker tone of evening. The sun had bent behind the trees, and broad, cool shadows lay on the ground about the Dago camp.

Gavola and Pastor went to their car to leave the shovels and picks, and then joined the others who were receiving supplies from the interpreter. They took their portion apart from the others and lay down upon the ground near the bank where Serafino sat blowing on his pipe.

"An apoplexy take him!" growled Gavola. "Is it that one must everlastingly hear those songs? It is well to have escaped from Sicily. I hate the airs of shepherds and vine-trimmers. They bring no pleasant recollections to us, comare Pastor." But most of the Dagos loved the airs which Serafino played on his flageolet.

The two men lay eating their supper. "I have heard that the work will soon end," said Pastor, "and we will be paid. Granato said so this morning, after talking with the red-bearded foreman. What are we to do then?"

"I will go back to Chicago," replied Gavola. "My brother lives on South

Clark Street, and keeps a fruit stand. I will remain with him through the winter. If I had more money, I, too, would sell oranges and bananas."

"Altro! But why not have more money?" asked Pastor, with a knowing look and a gesture of the hands. He then made two or three other quick motions, pointing slightly over his shoulder at the foreman, who stood some distance away talking with the interpreter. Gavola opened his eyes and murmured "yes," and they talked long together in a low tone, while Serafino's flageolet died down to a soft whisper. They paid no attention to the simpleton, but talked on.

Over by the cars Henson was saying to Granato: "I think it will be necessary for me to go to town to-night, as my wife desires to go away on a visit to-morrow, and I must see her before she goes. If I am not here just on time in the morning, you must set the men to work ballasting."

In a thick voice Granato said "YaaS." Like most interpreters he had understood nothing but the last word. Henson continued, in the grandiloquent way that was characteristic of him: "I am also informed by letter that we will shortly dispense with the services of the Italians, as the season's work will come to an end." The interpreter said "Whaar?" and Henson explained so that he caught the idea, and evidently he did not like it. They then separated for the night.

Henson was not on hand in the morning, so Granato led the men out to work on the track. They went at it willingly, some of them singing and shouting aloud; all but Gavola and Pastor, who were sullen and disobedient. The interpreter could do nothing with them. Frequently they stopped in the midst of the work to talk to each other or to the men around them, and if Granato made any objection they chaffed him in the strange Sicilian dialect, which has worn off all the sharp, bright corners of Italian words, and made them round and dull. When Henson returned he found a state of affairs which called for all his eloquence. It was not spared, and the Dagos were treated to

an oration, at the conclusion of which he informed them that this was their last day of service, and that to-morrow they would be paid off and sent back to Chicago.

Gavola and Pastor went back to the work with the others, and whenever possible they made brief remarks to each other, or indulged in pantomimic hatred of the foreman, who remained on duty the rest of the day and directed the closing up of the work. When night came the two cronies avoided the rest of the gang, and packed into huge bags their various belongings; but, instead of leaving them in the cars, they made an excuse to take them away. Late in the night they might have been seen carrying their bags into the woods, where they hid them with great care. Everyone was asleep, save only Serafino, the half-witted Sicilian. He had seen them remove their goods, and determined to watch them. As they stole among the trees, he crept behind them and saw where they made their hiding place. He then climbed silently into a scrub-oak and stayed there until the conspirators had returned to camp.

When morning came, the gang was mustered out to be taken to the station on a work train and there paid off. The station was only a mile away,—a small and solitary frame building, on the edge of a rudimentary western town of one business street, an elevator, a lumber yard and a thin sprinkling of dwellings. The station building had been newly painted and sanded. Through the bay window could be seen the telegraph table where the agent worked, and above it was a train signal box where a red flag or light could be displayed. Through the upper window of the building, a portion of the agent's family—two little boys—could be seen; for here he lived, the rent of the rooms being part of his emolument. This agent, typical of his class in small towns in the new country, had not much work to do, and was slouchy in his dress and appearance. His actions were of a loose and lazy kind. He wore a torn

straw hat and a woolen shirt, and his pantaloons were held up by a belt. A cob pipe was in his mouth, as he stood on the platform watching the Dagos swarm down from the flat cars and make for the station. Inside of five minutes they had roosted on everything of a nature to bear the human body, and when they could find no more harvesting machines, chicken coops and other freight,—with which the platform was well littered,—they sat along the edge and dangled their feet over the track. The pipes came out, and the air was poisoned with the indescribable odor which only a Dago's pipe can emit. Sundry conversations began among excited groups of three or four. They gesticulated and swore and threatened (or so it seemed to the amazed agent), and even seemed ready to commit homicide at any moment. But always when the very extreme of rage seemed to be reached, one of the Dagos would laugh genially and all the rest allowed their faces to be crinkled with a smile. And nothing ever happened, although the agent watched them for some time, dimly anticipating a coroner's inquest and possible witness fees.

Meantime Foreman Henson, Interpreter Granato, and a mighty personage, the Irish Roadmaster, were within, communing with a smooth-faced young fellow from headquarters and making arrangements for paying the men. The agent was called in and the money produced which had been sent him for that purpose. A window in a partition was opened, the pay-roll was laid out, together with large packages of bills and rolls of coin, and all preparations were made for admitting the men in small squads to the passenger waiting-room where the paying was to be done. The men were called by numbers, but the young man from headquarters, who knew a little Italian, aired his knowledge by calling aloud the names of the men also, as they appeared on the roll. And beautiful names some of them were, in spite of all that ignorance could do to obscure and change them,—Matteo Marino, Giuseppe Amorico, Carmelo Ma-

retto, Pasquale Perfetto, Pietro Allegretto. Such names were like poetry, notwithstanding the occasional barbarisms committed by the foreman in reporting such names as Joe Jinnie, Silvester Malony, Mike Balaam, Tony Haskins — far-off and faint reflections of the finest vowel sounds in any living tongue.

And so the paying went on. One by one each came up to the window and received his wages. Perhaps half the gang had been paid when Gavola's name was called. He came slouching forward, stood in front of the window and looked surlily in at the paymasters. The young man read "No. 32, twenty-five dollars," and the agent counted out that sum and laid it down in front of Gavola.

The Italian began at once to make a row, exclaiming. "No! No! Per Cristo! I have more; that not enough!" — at the same time gesticulating violently. The roadmaster asserted the dignity of his position by saying: "Now you take that or get out of here! I won't have no row about this pay!"

Meantime Pastor was stealing slowly along the wall towards the window where his partner, Gavola, stood. No one noticed him, the attention of all being riveted upon the controversy about Gavola's pay. A moment more, and Pastor stood beside his companion. As Gavola stepped forward, talking volubly to the roadmaster, Pastor slipped into his place, made a quick snatch at the big rolls of bills just within the window, from which the agent was paying the men, and before anyone was aware of his intention, he made a leap for the door. Henson and the roadmaster were quick to see what had happened, but when they started in pursuit of the flying Dago their way was blocked for a moment by the heavy form of Gavola, who continued to invoke heaven and earth to witness his wrongs. The other Dagos in the room, distant as they were from the window, were of course ignorant of what had taken place, but as Pastor flew among them, pushing them here and there in his effort to reach the door, it dawned upon the booby mind

of Serafino that somewhat was amiss. He was not far from the door which Pastor was on the point of gaining. With a quick shove, Serafino slammed the door to, and braced his back against it.

Pastor stopped suddenly on seeing this obstruction to his flight. Both men stood for a moment and stared aghast at each other. Pastor conceived a dim intention of pushing the big Sicilian from the door, but a glance showed that this could not be done quickly enough to avail him in his extremity. In a second the hue and cry broke out behind him, the roadmaster and foreman shouting "Stop him! Stop him!" as they pushed by Gavola and made for the thief.

Pastor had no time to lose. It was either capture or fight, and he knew it. The handful of bills had been shoved into one of his capacious pockets, and from another he drew a long, keen stiletto, the proverbial weapon of Italians in their fights among themselves. With a savage curse bestowed on Serafino, he leaped for the corner of the room, and stood there facing his pursuers. His face lighted up with hatred; his eyes fairly blazed, and he presented a spectacle which might well give the bravest man a moment of pause. Foreman Henson had been the loudest in cry of them all, but when he found the game at bay, he was suddenly conscious of the necessity of prudence and caution. He dodged back just as the roadmaster made a rush for the corner. There was a quick flash of the murderous blade, but it fell short and did no harm except to tear the big Irishman's coat-sleeve.

Then began a desperate fight, as the two men closed with each other. Nothing but pure love of fighting would have kept the Irishman up to it, with the odds of that dreadful knife against him. With his great weight he sought to corner the Dago by mere force; but at the moment he pushed forward, the wily Italian slipped under to one side and out of the corner, leaving the roadmaster in his place. But he had not time to strike again with the knife, before his opponent

was facing him with both hands ready to intercept the stroke when it fell.

Thus they sparred back and forth for some moments, the others keeping hands off and watching the fight. The foreman and the agent had no desire to get within reach of that knife, and the Dagos, except Gavola and Serafino, had no definite idea of what the fight was about, unless the roadmaster were "taking it out of" Pastor for his contumacious behavior in the gang.

It could not last long. Pastor made a vicious stab at the roadmaster's breast; and in another moment the knife fell to the floor, wrenched from the hand of the Dago by the mighty grip upon his wrist. Pastor was a prisoner, the money was recovered, the roadmaster swore a little and wiped the perspiration from his face, and the paying went on, while Henson was out in search of a constable.

When the foreman returned he was accompanied by a lean, cadaverous man, whose slow gait betokened almost any other line of life than that of suppressing lawlessness. A black cob pipe was held between his teeth with sufficient firmness; but this was the only trace of that quality which the man's appearance suggested.

At sight of this imposing representative of the law, Pastor was thrown into an ecstasy of fear and trembling. All his misdoings in Sicily seemed to have descended upon him. Justice had laid her hands on him, and he feared unutterable things. Not only the knowledge of his crimes oppressed him, but also his ignorance of what their punishment might be in this strange country. In his fright he would have confessed all, had his trembling tongue been able to frame enough broken English for that purpose.

He began to beg and implore that he be not taken to prison. He would work hard for the "road-a-boss," he would get out of the country, he would do anything, if they would only let him go. He wept and prayed, while the other Dagos found great amusement in his distress and chaffed him unmercifully. All was of no

avail. To jail he must go. With a vicious look on his face, he turned to denounce Gavola, his companion in all the bad deeds of his life; but that worthy had disappeared entirely, without making any further claim for the shortage in his pay.

So they marched Pastor out into the hot sunshine, with the constable on one side and the foreman on the other; down the station platform; along board sidewalks that rose and fell with the grade; past small grocery stores with wooden awnings in front, affording shade for the perennial town loafers who stared at the procession as it filed by; past a frame church, gaudily painted, with a clothes-line hitched to the corner of it; out to the small square jail, surrounded by a high board fence.

At the gate Pastor resisted for a moment, but was pushed in by his conductors. The iron hasp was raised and fastened with a big padlock, and Pastor remained shut up from the world, doomed to solitude and confinement, the most hateful of things to an Italian. Through the small iron-barred window of the jail he saw evening and then night descend. Half stupefied, he murmured from time to time: "Cursed Gavola! An apoplexy take him! Gone, and left me here!" His wrist ached, where the roadmaster had wrenched it to loose the knife from his grasp. "Lost! Lost!" he thought. Here in this far land Justice had seized him, and punishment was hard behind. A murderous attack on the great potentate who represented for him all power and authority, the almighty roadmaster! Surely they would hang him, or shut him up for life in some dark prison where he could not see the sky.

With all his misdeeds in Sicily, Pastor had never before seen the inside of a prison, and this little town jail on the far western prairie was a new and frightful experience for him.

Sicily! Yes, he thought of it now; pictures of homeland came into his mind — lovely Palermo, with her bay and encircling mountains; broad, beautiful

fields sloping down to the shining sea, blue as cobalt; azure mountains, with clear-cut outlines against the sky; "mountain towns with peaceful citadel," —all gone, and he a prisoner of the *Inglesti*, held for condign punishment!

It was too much to be endured. With frenzy he leaped at the window-bars and shook them madly. He raged and cursed in a wild rush of Sicilian blasphemy. Round and round the cage he stormed like a maniac; then shouted loudly through the window into the dark night. No one heeded him.

With quick fingers Pastor unlooses the rope twisted many times about his waist. Yes, it is long enough, but the rafter above is just out of his reach. The box-seat in the corner enables him to touch it. First, though, he fixes one end of the rope around his neck. In the dark his eyes shine like those of a wild beast. Now he throws the other end over the rafter and begins to make it fast. The box away, Pastor will swing clear of the floor. Just as he is about to kick it from under him, a head rises slowly above the window, and a gruff voice whispers, "Comare Pastor!"

The would-be suicide stifles a scream of terror, and says, tremblingly: "Diavolo! Who is it?"

"It is I, Gavola," the same hoarse whisper replies.

Pastor begins to cry with delight and give thanks to the Virgin, but Gavola cuts him short, and tells him to go and push against the door.

With their united efforts, one pushing from within and the other prying on the hasp without, the fastenings soon give way, and Pastor is again at liberty. Without a moment's pause, they skurry away across the prairie towards the railroad track. Having reached this, they make for the woods and the river. Silently they push forward, until the boarding camp comes in view, with the deserted cars standing on the spur track. Thence they take to the woods and go forcing their way through underbrush and over a thousand obstacles; for the night is

dark under the trees, although the stars can be seen shining through the leaves above. On the left the river runs, and the fugitives must avoid that.

Once they lost their way and could not discover the marks which led to the hiding place of their bags. Once Gavola thought he saw a glint of light in the woods, and grasped Pastor's arm with a dramatic gesture of terror, hissing "Zitta!" But he was soon reassured, and pressed on.

No night bird uttered her cry in this western wood — this isolated strip of trees fringing the river banks — but here, as everywhere, Nature's night whispers could be heard: strange, unaccountable noises in the wood; light moanings of unseen dryads or tree-spirits; swift little chirrups of hidden insects; soft susurrent murmurs of the leaves.

These sweet evidences of Nature's wakefulness had no calming influence upon the two rogues. Rather the contrary — for every sound made Pastor start and gasp. His nerves were highly strung. He had just looked Death in the face, and at every turn he expected to meet him again. When Gavola stepped upon a dry branch and it parted with a snap, Pastor almost fell to the ground with fright. Gradually they neared the hiding place and grew more confident. If they but had their precious belongings they could tramp out of the country in double-quick time, reach some railroad station and steal a ride in a box car, and then gradually work back to Chicago, where they would be lost in the infinite swarm of human life.

Almost there, praise to the Virgin! For these scoundrels have the shibboleths of religion constantly on their tongues. In the midst of yonder dense thicket, barely visible as a darker darkness, the bags are hidden. Now they part the bushes and remove the covering of branches carefully placed over their property. One of the bags is found — Gavola's. But hunt as they may, the other cannot be discovered. They search all the surrounding thicket, feeling in impos-

sible places for the missing goods. In vain.

Pastor turns suddenly to his mate. "You've stolen it!" he hisses through his set teeth. "I see it all. You've hidden it somewhere else, and expect to come back and get it when you've shaken me!"

"It's a lie!" growls Gavola. "Would I be such a fool as to go back to town to help you out of limbo and bring you here to find out my theft if I had stolen the bag?"

But Pastor has lost his head completely. He feels the blood beating in his brain. He cannot think, he cannot reason. The terrors of the night have literally driven him mad. "You bloody scoundrel!" he shrieks. "It is you who have got me into all this trouble! It is you who got me into jail! You are at the bottom of all of it! And you've stolen my bag!" He pulls the big lock of hair, Sicilian fashion, down over his face, grasps his knife and rushes upon Gavola.

At the same moment there is a rush of men from the bushes around and lanterns flare out from under coats. The roadmaster, the agent, Serafino, the constable, with a posse of men from the town, break into the thicket where the

two Dagos are engaged in a death struggle.

The heavy built Gavola is no match for the superhuman strength of the madman. Pushed backwards by the force of the attack, he stumbles upon the ill-fated bag. As he falls a swift arm follows him with a knife, and stabs it once—twice into his body. There is no further need for a constable to arrest him. Pastor pauses and looks around. For the first time he discovers the men who have been in ambush, and who have now surrounded him. "Lost! Lost!" he exclaims. "That jail! I will not go back!" Again he lifts the stiletto, for the third time to-day. It hovers in the air for a moment, a shining span of steel lit by the lanterns. Then Pastor plunges it downward into the neck where it joins the shoulder, and like a log he falls upon his dead companion.

The posse of men who had been led to the spot by Serafino, with the belief that Gavola would certainly come and try to recover his property, and who had removed one of the bags so that the rogue, would spend some time looking for it, suddenly found their work of capture done for them. Both the Dagos had been taken by that "fell sergeant, Death, so strict in his arrest."

SAPPHO.

WHERE is that bay-crowned head supreme in song?
 The tides that darkle round the Leucadian steep
 Lap her forever into deeper sleep;
 About her heart of fire the cool waves long
 Like cerements have been wound, and voices strong
 Of winds and waters o'er her pillow keep
 Their boisterous lullaby. That frenzied leap
 From the hoar height, when sense of sharpest wrong
 Ran in her blood like flame—the fears that strove
 Within her stormy soul—the lyric tongue
 Whose last high music rang through realms of love,
 Till hushed by that sea-weird which o'er her flung
 Its sudden doom,—ah, all the dole thereof
 No equal tears have wept, no lips have sung.

James B. Kenyon.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS."*

[John, XV-13.]

J. TORREY CONNOR.

MANY years ago, during the excitement of gold discoveries on the Pacific Slope, White Pine, a city of several hundred inhabitants, sprung up mushroom-wise amid the sage brush. The prospectors that swarmed into the place were from all ranks and conditions of society. The gambling adventurer was there. Tenderfeet—which term implies anything from a professional man to a counter-jumper—were numerous, and these contended with experienced miners for place in the eager race for wealth. Some were successful in their quest; others were speedily allotted six feet of earth,—the erring citizen of White Pine was not tried by judge and jury in those days.

That was forty-odd years ago.

Could the spirits of those who once toiled and fought and died at White Pine revisit the old haunts, would they know the camp, I wonder? The mines were long ago shut down and abandoned; the buildings have fallen to decay, and nothing now remains save, here and there, a log cabin tenanted by reptiles and mountain squirrels.

While yet the city was young, Hal Blackburn, a prospector from The Gulch, drifted into camp. A handsome, dashing sort of chap, he soon became a favorite with everyone and was in great demand at all the "doin's," whether it was a game of draw-poker or an inquest on a horse thief. Although not a gambler by profession, Hal was a frequent and welcome visitor at The Three Kegs, where he led the roystering crowd in many a revel. Dropping in for a social game one evening, as was his custom, Hal found, among a number of new arrivals, three acquaintances from The Gulch.

"Howdy, boys," was his greeting. "Seen anything o' my pard, Jim Lowell, lately? I left him t' finish up a leetle matter o' business down t' The Gulch."

"Yas, he's givin' his hull 'tention t' it," one of the men replied, with a portentous wink.

"Ought t' have got here a month ago—what'll ye take, boys?—an' I can't think what's a-keepin' of him," Hal grumbled.

"P'raps I could tell ye," drawled Sam Barton. "Thanky, don't keer if I do," holding out an empty glass in response to the invitation. "Fact is, he's that took up with my darter, Bess, that's no shakin' him. Bess is a good gal, though," he continued, in a maudlin aside. "She'll stick t' her brothers, poor, motherless kids."



J. TORREY CONNOR,
of Los Angeles, Calif.

* Awarded the Original Story Prize in THE MIDLAND'S October competition.

Sam's statement was received with a derisive shout of laughter from Hal. "Jim courtin'!" he scoffed. "Why, Jim ain't got spunk t' face a petticoat at sixty paces, let alone courtin'! Not but what he's brave enough other ways," he added hastily. "Them as hasn't a fust-class 'pinion o' Jim ain't got no call to make free with it in my hearin'!"—glancing significantly toward Barton, who discreetly ignored the challenge.

"That's so. An' a honester man, er a kinder hearted, never shot a card sharp er give up his bunk t' a sick comrade," Hi Williams, the recipient of the latter favor, observed.

"I aint sayin' a word ag'in him," Barton put in, meekly. "When my ol' 'oman took sick, a spell ago, he was that good t' us; an' jes' afore she died she made him promise t' look arter Bess. Lor', he was willin', an' Bess,—wal, she wouldn't go ag'in her dyin' mother. Have one with *me*."

Barton had come to White Pine with the laudable intention of bettering his fallen fortunes. He "lowed to prospect a spell," and then send back for his family; but draw-poker and kindred dissipations were continually interfering with his good intentions.

Though at first openly scouting the disclosures made by Sam, young Blackburn lost no time in urging upon that worthy the advisability of bringing his family to White Pine forthwith. This advice was backed by a substantial loan, so that when the slow-going Barton at length departed he did not leave empty-handed.

It was a gala day for White Pine when the rude conveyance, that transported the family from the mining town fifty miles distant, lumbered into camp. It was generally known that Barton's daughter would accompany her father and brothers, and the mere possibility of having a woman in its midst put the camp on its mettle.

The entire settlement, shaven and shorn, turned out to welcome her. First and foremost was Hal, whose friendly

grin and knowing wink, directed toward the driver of the vehicle, caused that individual,—who was none other than Jim Lowell,—much embarrassment. This bit of by-play was lost on the crowd, however, attention being centered on Bessie.

She was a mite of a creature, scarcely looking her eighteen years; but at the first glance from those blue eyes every man there went down in the dust to her, figuratively speaking.

Hal gave her a helping hand, as she clambered over the wheel, and, looking shyly down, the blue eyes met the eyes of brown. Something in the admiring gaze caused her to flush uneasily and turn toward her father.

Barton, to his evident astonishment, found himself a man of importance. The most pretentious hut in the settlement was tendered him, everyone contributing something toward its furnishing. As for Bessie's four brothers—mischievous cubs—they rioted over the camp at will and were made much of, to the great detriment of their manners and morals.

It was wonderful to note the changes that came about from the day the little woman set foot in camp. Men retired outside the city limits to settle their differences, oaths were religiously strangled in her presence, and carousals at The Three Kegs were becoming more and more infrequent. Hal was a prime mover in these innovations, and with him, of course, was his friend, Jim Lowell.

A dreamy, unpractical man, Jim, some ten years older than his companion, yet so diffident and retiring that he appeared much younger. He shuffled as he walked, and had an odd trick of running his fingers through his straw-colored hair when speaking. His devotion to Hal was deep, and only a degree less apparent than his love for Bess, which bordered on veneration.

"Afore God I aint good enough fer her," he blurted out, in response to a chance remark which Hal had made. They were toiling up the steep ascent to the cabin, after their day's work in the

mine, and somehow the talk had turned on the approaching marriage—a subject usually avoided by both. "Now your han'some an' clever,—if 't had a-been you, Hal, I shouldn't a-wondered."

Hal turned on Jim with a fierce gesture that silenced the words on his tongue. "Ye don't know what yer sayin'," he began, harshly. Then more quietly: "'Taint fair t' Bess, that thar kind o' talk."

A troubled shadow clouded Jim's gentle face; Hal saw it and threw his arm across Jim's shoulder in the old, protecting way. Thus in silence they climbed the hill to the cabin.

Soon after this occurrence it was announced that the marriage of Jim and Bessie would be solemnized on the 5th of December, Bessie's nineteenth birthday. Bessie's determination to have a quiet wedding from which the public was to be excluded caused open rebellion in camp. White Pine was not treated to a wedding every day, and in a matter of such importance felt that it should be allowed to "do itself proud." Barton, with an eye to probable donations, remonstrated, though in vain; Blackburn, when appealed to, declined to interfere in a manner quite foreign to the amiable Hal. Notwithstanding, the prosperity of the young couple was the favorite toast at The Three Kegs.

Winter set in, and not a flake of snow had fallen. "The greenest winter in the memory of old inhabitants," everyone said. Although the nights were cold, with more than a suspicion of frost in the air, the sun-warmed days were as genial as those of spring time. It was on the fourth of December that the accident occurred at the mine. Sam Barton was "laying off" that day,—a twisted ankle supplying him with an excuse for lounging on the sunny side of his cabin, pipe in mouth and jug placed "convenient-like."

Bessie, busily engaged in setting the last stitches in the simple gown she was fashioning for her bridal, arose and began preparations for the evening meal, stir-

ring the fire to a brisk blaze, putting on the kettle and drawing out the rough bench that served as table.

Those who saw Bessie going quietly about her daily tasks noted a change in the girl. The wild-rose bloom had faded from her cheeks and there was a scared look in the big, blue eyes. The empty bucket seemed a weight in her frail hands as she carried it to the door.

"Dad, where's the boys? I want a pail o' water from th' spring."

Receiving no reply she stepped outside. Forgetful of his twisted ankle, Barton, mounted on a stump near by, was straining his eyes toward the mine. "What is it, Dad?" asked Bessie.

"'Pears like suthin' was wrong down thar—that last blast was uncommon heavy."

"Suthin' wrong at the mine—an Hal thar? Oh, my God!"

Barton eyed his daughter queerly, and as she would have passed him he seized her arm.

She flung his hand aside. "Don't hold me—I *will* go!" and trembling, breathless, she rushed down the hill, on and on, into the midst of an excited group of men swarming about the mouth of the shaft. One glance showed her that he whom she sought was not among them. Walking straight up to one of the old miners she plucked at his sleeve.

"Where is he?" she demanded, agonized appeal in voice and eyes.

"Blast me, if here ain't Bess! What tarnation fool let ye in here? Don't look that way! We'll have him out fast enough. I won't deceive ye, lass—it's Jim what's under the rocks and dirt down thar."

Yes, it was Jim, poor awkward Jim! Entering the shaft ahead of his companions, just after a blast had been fired, a loosened boulder had fallen and grazed his shoulder, knocking him over. Before he could rise, down came a mass of earth burying him from sight. There was small chance of finding him alive, but the men worked with a will and as the sunset flamed out behind the somber pines,

Jim's body was raised to the mouth of the shaft.

"Handle him careful-like, mates," begged Hal, wiping his eyes on his grimy sleeve.

The color had all come back to Bessie's cheeks. She entreated the men to bring the still unconscious man to the cabin on the hill, and Jim was laid on her own bunk. "He'll soon be good as new with me to nurse him," said Bessie, as the first faint breath of returning life fluttered on the pallid lips.

The gray-haired doctor shook his head, doubtfully. "There's no telling; the chances are in favor of his recovery, but it's a bad case."

With rough skill he bandaged the injured limbs and then prepared an anodyne, saying, "Give this to him when he wakes. It will stupefy him and deaden the pain. Count the drops carefully—more than five would send him to Kingdom Come."

The crowd that pressed about the door of Barton's cabin, waiting in hushed expectancy for the verdict of life or death, received the news of their comrade's condition with rough expressions of sympathy, and then slowly withdrew. Other quarters had been found for the four boys, and Barton, Hal and Bess were left to watch through the night by the side of the injured man.

"Guess I'll go in t'other room an' sleep a spell," said Barton.

"All right," Hal replied. "Bess an' me'll see to him."

They sat for a time, neither speaking a word. Finally Bess broke the silence. "He looks awful a-lyin' thar, so white an' still. Hal, see! his eyes is half open—mebbe he's comin' to!"

Hal took the sputtering tallow dip from the shelf and, crossing the room, held it before the rigid face. "No, Bess, he aint. If 'twan't fer the beatin' of his heart ye couldn't tell if he war dead er alive—poor ol' Jim!"

There was another interval of silence. The bare branches of the cottonwood scraped uneasily across the cabin roof, and

from away off came the mournful howl of a coyote. Suddenly Bessie uttered an exclamation of horror and pointed to a garment, stained with blood, that was flung carelessly across the foot of the bunk.

"My weddin' dress!" she gasped, "an' his blood on it!"

Hal's bronzed face turned pale, and he clasped her trembling hands in his own strong brown ones, striving to soothe her terror as one might soothe a frightened child.

She clung to him as if she would never let him go. "Oh Hal," she wailed, "it's a gruesome sign!"

"It is, Bess, an' do ye know what it tells us, lass? It means that I must go my way alone,—no, hear me out. I've been a-tryin' to say them words for an hour past. Don't make the sayin' of 'em too hard fer me. That man a-lyin' thar has been my friend, faithful, ever since we was boys t'gether, an' Hal Blackburn aint one to go agin a friend. Once he saved my life, many years ago. Now he's in sore trouble, an' needs all our love an' symp'thy. Go t' him, Bessie girl!"

"Don't leave me, Hal—"

There was a low moan from the form on the cot. In an instant Hal and Bessie were by Jim's side, their own troubles forgotten in his.

"Our talkin' must a' waked him," said Bessie. "Jim, does yer know us?"

He put out a weak hand and smiled at them.

"Dear ol' boy!" said Hal, the glad tears running down his cheeks, "he's mos' like himself agin'. Bess, where's the draught?"

She gave it to him, saying, "My hand shakes so I can't measure it. Five drops, mind—the doctor said he'd never wake if we give him a drop too much."

Hal measured the brown liquid carefully, and gave it to him in water.

At that moment there was a knock at the outer door. Bessie hastened to open it, and Hi Williams tip-toed softly in. "How's Jim?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Thought I'd like t' set th' rest o' th'

night with him, and kinder squar' ol' scores."

"Yer welcome," said Hal, heartily. "Set right down an I'll climb in along side o' Barton an' snooze a bit. Get into the boys' bunk, Bessie. Ye needs rest more'n any on us. Call me, Hi, 'f Jim gets oneasy er wants anythin'."

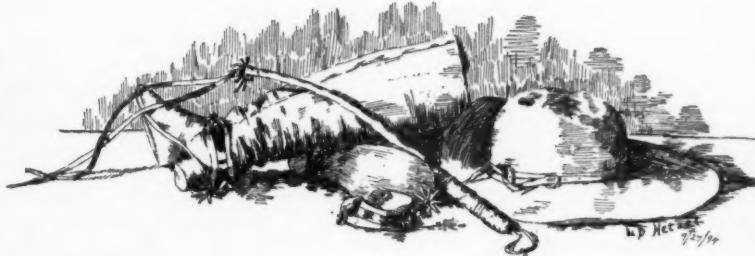
Hi fixed himself comfortably upon a bench with a folded blanket under his head, and in three minutes was fast asleep. He had intended to be the most faithful of watchers, but he had drank so deeply and often to Jim's recovery at The Three Kegs that drowsiness speedily overcame

him. At sound of the first snore the man in the bunk opened his eyes.

A pale ray of light crept in at the window, arresting his wandering attention. "Our weddin'-day," he muttered, "Bessie's an' mine."

With teeth clenched to still the moans of pain, he worked himself slowly within reach of the small bottle, half filled with brown liquid, that had been left on a stool near the head of the cot.

"Fer Bessie's sake!" holding up the bottle to the dying candle's light. "Here's my love to 'em both!"—and he drained the bottle dry.



PREUX CHEVALIER.

So brave—

That if 'gainst right arrayed
Stands a mighty host allied,
You'll find him lone and undismayed—
Upon the other side.

So true—

That when for lust of gold
Men barter all and fail,
You'll find he's cast in sterner mold—
And not for sale.

So grand—

If hands of ruthless fate
Youth's noblest castles rend,
He'll silent plod his way and wait—
Until the end.

Willis Mills.

LITTLE MITTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY CLARA H. HOLMES.

WILD and bitter swept the wind down the street of the little mining camp. Sharp particles of snow pelted poor little Mittie in the face as she struggled against the wind, stopping now and again to regain her breath. It was so hard climbing the steep street, the wind was so merciless, and Mittie so thinly clad. One little bare hand, purple with the cold, clutched at the shawl around her shoulders; the other held something clasped very closely to her breast.

A blast more violent than before whistled shrilly around the corner, tore down the steep street, rattling signs, tossing loose boards, and whirling snow and papers through the air as if for very sport. It nearly whirled little Mittie off her feet, tore one end of her shawl loose from her grasp, and fluttered it out like a black pennant behind her.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sobbed Mittie, struggling to recover her shawl.

"Well, I should think so!" said a hearty voice, seizing it and wrapping it around her. "Come in here, child, and get warm; you look fairly blue." Taking her hand in his, he opened the door of a confectionery and toy store. Mittie shivered as the warm air struck her.

"You are chilled through, and no wonder. What clothing for this weather!" he exclaimed, rubbing her little hands in his own large, warm palms. "Whose little girl are you?" he asked.

"Mamma's," she answered, her great gray eyes fixed upon his face, wonderingly.

He laughed. "I suppose that is so, but what is your mamma's name?"

"My mamma's name is Marion Reis. Didn't you know?"

"No, I did not know, but I'm glad you told me. And your name is—let me see—Hattie Reis?"

"No, 'tisn't. My name is Mittie," scornfully.

"O, yes, so it is; that is much prettier than Hattie. Now, are the little fingers warm?"

"Yes sir; only they does ache so," her eyes full of tears, which she bravely tried to hide.

"Poor little fingers," fondling them. "I think candy would help you to forget the pain," questioningly.

The child looked wistfully at the long rows of jars and glass dishes filled with a tempting array of sweets. It was a great temptation, but she answered soberly, "Mamma says I must never ask for candy."

"Quite right, too, for that would not be ladylike; but you didn't ask for this. I ask your permission to buy some for you," he answered, without the shadow of a smile.

"Thank you, I should 'joy it very much," her face lighting up.

"Give this little lady whatever she wishes," turning to the storekeeper.

"Please," slipping her hand closer into his, "there is so much—it is all so nice—will you pick it out?"

"What is the matter with taking some of all of it?"

"Oh, no, that would be gweedy," looking terribly shocked.

"Well, so it would," and he selected a nice sack full of the very choicest and gave it to her.

"Thank you," she said with an upward glance, which told far more than the words. She was munching away contentedly, when all of a sudden she cried out "Oh! Oh!" and her candy fell unheeded to the floor, while she rushed wildly to the door.

The man put out his arm and caught her. "What on earth is the matter?" holding her firmly, yet tenderly.

She struggled for an instant, and then exclaimed, "Oh, please—please let me go! I lost poor mamma's dollar that she

gived me to get medicine, and a little bit of tea, 'cause she's sick and her head aches so; and I'm a naughty, naughty girl to forgot, and stay where it is so nice and warm, while mamma is sick and cold; and now I've losed all the money she had," and she turned her sorrowful little face to the breast of his coat and sobbed aloud.

"There, there! Never mind!" soothingly. "Here is another dollar. Now tell me what medicine you were going to get."

Mittie showed him a scrap of paper pinned to her dress.

"Humph! Quinine! It may fit the case and it may not; however, it is the universal remedy," he muttered.

"Now, little one, you stay here a few minutes, and eat candy, and toast your little feet, and I will go and get your mamma's tea and medicine for you; then you can go home nice and warm." As he spoke, he lifted her upon a chair, and put her candy into her lap.

After he had gone, Mittie's eyes wandered wistfully over the toys. One great doll with flaxen hair and eyes that "went to sleep" especially pleased her. She slipped off the chair and stood enraptured before it. So absorbed was she that she did not even hear her new friend, until he said:

"So you are making Miss Fanchette's acquaintance, are you?"

"Is that dollie's name? Oh—I fink she's lovely!" with a little, rapturous indrawing of the breath after the "Oh."

"Do you? I like live little girls better," looking at her fondly.

"That's cause you's a man," as gravely as if solving the most difficult problem.

"Yes, I suppose that has something to do with the fact. Here, put these mittens on, and tuck your dollar in this one, so,—" suiting the action to the words.

"But you bought the tea and the medicine, so there wouldn't be a whole dollar," objected Mittie.

"Quite right, little business woman, but to-morrow is Christmas, and Santa Claus is my twin brother, and he told me

to give you the mittens and the other things to your mamma for a Christmas gift."

"And the candy?" she asked gravely.

"O no. Do you not remember, you permittted me to treat you to that. Why don't you eat it?"

"If you please,—" she said wistfully, then paused.

"Well, what is it?" kindly.

"Please would you care if I carry part of it to mamma?"

"Of course you may. Bless your generous little heart. Now come, I will go a part of the way with you."

Down a long, slippery street, then a turn, and down another, over rocks, and a steep hill, and half way down the other side stood a dingy tent, a not unusual dwelling, even in winter, in the mining regions of the far West.

Toward this Millie pointed a hand. "There is where my mamma lives."

They had scarcely spoken since starting. Indeed the wind was so strong that speech was almost impossible. When they were at the top of the hill, he said, "Now, little one, I will leave you. Do you think you can manage these things?" giving her the parcels.

"Oh, yes, sir. It is such a little ways," she answered.

"So, your mamma lives there! Where is your papa?"

"My papa, he died. He went away when we lived away off in a pretty place, and then my mamma she cwied, and cwied, and when I asked her why, she told me my papa was died, and sometimes when I wakes up in the night she's cwying."

The snow must have blown into his eyes, for he had to wipe it away, but he said, cheerily: "Well, good-bye, little lady. Hang up your stocking. Maybe Santa Claus will come to-night."

Mittie rushed down the hill and into the tent nearly breathless. "Oh, Mamma! Oh, Mamma!" she panted.

"Well, Mittie, why were you gone so long? Mamma was so worried," stretching out a thin hand toward the child.

"Cause, Mamma, the wind it blew so hard, and it took my shawl, and I losed the money—"

"Oh, Mittie!" reproachfully.

"But, Mamma, a nice gentleman he fixed my shawl, and buyed me candy, and he gived me another dollar for you, and buyed you some tea, and medicine, and, mamma, he said he's Santa Claus's twin brover,—and Santa Claus he sent the things to you for your Kistmas—and, oh, Mamma! there was the *sweetest* dollie—"

"Mittie! Mittie! for mercy's sake take a breath!" cried the mother, laughing.

"Yes, ma'am; but, Mamma, do look at my pretty new mittens," holding out her tiny hands.

"Yes, dear, they are very nice," her eyes resting fondly on the eager little face. "I wonder if my little daughter could make mamma a cup of tea now."

"Yes, ma'am, I finks I can." She put her shawl, hood and mittens away nicely; then took the little tin pail to her mamma to put in the proper amount of tea.

Marion took the paper sack in her hand, Mittie watching with eager eyes. "This cannot be tea," said Marion, observing the size. She put her hand into the sack and drew out a smaller paper, which contained tea, then drew out a great cluster of grapes.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Mittie, having no other word to express her joy, and Marion,—she had so longed for fruit! It almost seemed like a fairy's gift.

"You must indeed have found Santa Claus or his brother," said her mamma. Tea was entirely forgotten in enjoyment of the fruit.

It was such a poor home! Only the dark canvas walls, carpetless floor and a poor little camp stove with such a mite of a fire in it; and on a cot bed lay Marion Reis, pale and thin.

Two months before, Marion Ries had come to this camp, lured by the El Dorado sort of stories, only to find that although there was plenty of work for strong women, women used to scrubbing,

washing, ironing and cooking,—coarse washing, rough cooking,—yet there was none for such as she, taught only the daintiest needle-work, taught to make delicate puddings, fancy cakes and delicious trifles, such cooking as hungry miners would laugh at. Marion sought work diligently, willing to learn, willing to do anything possible, but no one wanted a learner, and the rough speech of the men frightened her. There were very few women in the camp and Marion was much too diffident to seek them. So when her little money slipped away, she fell into absolute want. Then she took a heavy cold, and want of proper nourishment, fire and medicine, soon reduced her to a state of extreme weakness. This was the first time she had ever sent little Mittie alone, but it was her last dollar, she could not go, and she thought perhaps the quinine might break up her cold. She *must* get better, she *must* find work. Surely, surely, God would not permit her baby and herself to starve!

Only two years before she had been such a happy wife. Charlie Reis loved her dearly, and they had such a pretty home! But the serpent crept into their Eden. Her husband was jealous, insanely jealous; Marion was proud and resentful. One day Charley returned home unexpectedly and found Marion absent. Instantly jealousy suggested wrong doing. Then, half an hour later he found in her room a note tossed carelessly into her work basket:

Marry—Come out in the chestnut wood, at 4 P. M. without fail. I must see you. Burn this, so no one will see it.

P.

He rushed to the woods like a maniac. He caught just a glimpse of a man vaulting the fence at the rear end of the field and disappearing down the wooded hollow, and Marion coming swiftly toward him. His very greeting was an insult. He taunted her. Marion grew resentful and would not tell him that it was her brother Paul, who had disgraced himself and fled. He had come to his sister Marion for help. She had no thought of concealing the meeting from her husband, but when he so readily accused her of

wrong, she resented the imputation bitterly, saying, "If you have so little faith in me, I have no more to say."

Hasty words begot more resentment, until Charley finally said, "I will not live with a woman who is false to me," and she answered disdainfully, "So that is your opinion of me. I think you had best go."

He gave her one look, half rage, half agony, and exclaimed, "I *will* go!" and hastily left the house.

When night came and he did not return, Marion for the first time became alarmed. As day succeeded day and he came not, she bitterly regretted her resentful look and words. From that day for six months she had heard nothing. Then came a report that Charley was dead. A paper reported an accident in a mine, in which Charles Reis was among the killed. Bitter, bitter was her regret. Repentance avails little. The dead come not back at our bidding. Hands of pleading fall useless.

Then Marion's father died, and she had none to care for her. Little by little her money wasted away, until the question of daily bread stared her in the face. She was entirely unfitted for the task of earning a living. Thus it was that she drifted to this camp,—about the last place on earth for such a woman.

Ten o'clock found the little tent dark and silent; but outside a solitary figure flitted about on some mysterious errand. Frank, little Mittie's pet dog, set up a furious barking and, jumping up on the bed, stuck his cold nose in Mittie's face.

"Oh, Mamma," whispered the little girl, "I dess doggie smelled Santa Claus. Mamma, what if he should bring me that pretty dollie!"—sitting up in bed excitedly.

"I'm afraid Santa Claus doesn't know where we live. Lie down, you will get cold."

"But I told his brover," whispered Mittie sleepily, with her arms around her mamma's neck. In another minute she was fast asleep.

The sun was shining so brightly that even the dingy tent looked pleasant when Mittie again opened her eyes. Marion had kindled a fire and was getting back into the bed.

"Merry Christmas, little daughter," she said smiling.

"Merry Kistmas, Mamma! Did Santa Claus come?"

"I'm afraid not; I did not see anything," sorrowfully.

"Oh, doggie, isn't you sorry for Mittie and Mamma?" burying her face in Frank's brown coat. "I does want something so bad." The sobs would come.

"Never mind, pet," caressing her. "You forget our tea. Can't mamma's housekeeper make us a cup, and some toast, if I tell her how to do it?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I finks I knows how," and the little face grew bright at once. She hurried to dress and wash her face and hands.

The fire had burned low, and her mamma said, "Mittie, could you get two or three small sticks to freshen up the fire a little? I feel better and will dress myself."

"Yes, ma'am." A minute later she called out, "I can't open the door, and it must be locked shut."

"Turn the key, darling."

"I did; maybe it's frozed," tugging with all her little might.

"Wait a minute, I'll come," and thrusting her feet into her slippers, and pushing a chair before her, Marion reached the door. She could pull it open just a little way, and Mittie's eager eyes peeped through the crack.

"Oh, Mamma! - Oh, Mamma! Santa Claus did come! I knew his brover would tell him 'cause he told me to hang up my stocking." Both arms were around her mamma's neck.

Something was surely tied to the door knob,—some large bundle. "Here, Mittie, take these scissors and go out the back door and cut the string that holds the bundle, and then I can let you in."

Little Mittie fairly flew, and very soon the door was open, and the parcel in Marion's lap. "Wait a minute, mamma,"

and, running to the door, she tugged and dragged at a heavy basket; and "Oh, Mamma, there's such a nice pile of wood," she said. Marion just dropped her face into her hands and burst into tears.

"Is you sorry Santa Claus comed, mamma?"

"No. Oh, no! I'm so thankful."

"Then what makes you cwy?" in wonderment. "Please open the paper."

Marion raised her head and began untying the string. First came out a nice warm cloak and a pretty Angora hood for Mittie, who scarcely looked at them. Her hands trembled with eagerness.

"Mamma! Oh, Mamma! It's a dollie; I see it's shoes."

Sure enough! it was flaxen-haired Fanchette; and the basket was filled with candy, nuts, oranges and apples, a pie, some cakes, and many other tempting eatables. Tea and toast, and even the fire, were almost forgotten.

Finally Marion said, smiling, "I think I had best finish dressing. The little mother is too busy now for tea and toast."

"Oh no, ma'am! Fanchette can sleep; but please Mamma, I love her so, I did forgot." Her little arms were around Marion's neck, her lips to mamma's cheek.

Scarcely was breakfast eaten, and Mittie seated by the fire, cuddling and petting Fanchette, when there came a knock at the door. Mittie laid dollie carefully on the bed beside her mamma and ran to open it.

"Oh I's so glad you's come, 'cause I wants to say fank you. I know you told your brover, 'cause he bringed Dollie," was Mittie's greeting.

"Well, that's right. May I come in?"

Marion had risen from the bed at the first sound of his voice, and stood pale and trembling. There was just a word from each, "Charley," "Marion."

And she lay half fainting in his arms.

Mutual explanations followed. A miner bearing the name "Charles Rice"—the surname pronounced the same as his own—had been killed, and the reporter jumped at the conclusion that it was Charles Reis who had been killed; hence the mistake. He, Charley, had been successful in mining. He had written Marion several letters craving her forgiveness; and, receiving no reply, had returned to his former home in the hope of at least seeing his child again. He found Marion's father had died soon after his abrupt departure, that his wife and child had gone no one knew whither, and that the money he had regularly sent for their support had been placed to his wife's credit at the bank, no one having called for it. He told of his ineffectual attempts to discover her whereabouts. He had about despaired of ever seeing his loved ones again when a mere chance—or was it a providence?—made him the representative of Santa Claus to his own little Mittie. A wild hope then took possession of him and he resolved to follow it—and so, after a night of watching and waiting, he had come to know his fate.

Marion in turn told him of her grief and anguish on hearing of his death and of her remorseful regret that her pride and temper had wrecked their lives.

In due time everything was explained, and the little tent that Christmas morning was the scene of a glad family reunion such as rarely occurs this side Heaven.

RECOMPENSE.

A shadow, dusky-skirted, trailed its length across the meadow;

The air was hushed,—the birds grew still,—the weary bees stopped humming; But lo! with sparkling feet a golden sunbeam chased the shadow,

And gray earth blossomed into radiant glory at its coming.

Grace Mitchell.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

WAR INCIDENTS IN A BOY'S LIFE ON THE MISSOURI FRONTIER. XVII.

BY GEORGE ADDISON COOK.

I DO NOT remember what were the first signs of war in our little village in Central Missouri, nor how much had been accomplished before the horrors of the struggle became fixed upon my mind. My earliest war recollection is the marshaling of a company of men under the banner of the South in one part of the town, and the organization, soon thereafter, of a company to take sides with the gallant Mulligan in defense of an undivided country. It should be borne in mind, as a matter of history, that the State of Missouri was but forty years old then, and that Johnson County, of which Warrensburg — my native village — was the county seat, had been organized but a quarter of a century, and was peopled by emigrants from the Eastern and Southern states, — the Eastern people in the northern and eastern portions of the county, from whence came Mulligan's men; the Southern people in the southern and western portions of the county, from among whom Cockrell drew his Confederate soldiers. Sometimes this imaginary line did not serve as the dividing line, and more than one family sent members to fight under the contending banners.

To the south of us was a region depending for success upon the perpetuation of slavery, while to the west were the bloody plains of Kansas, where men gave up their lives so freely to save their State's soil from the pollution of the curse of human bondage. Thus it was that Central Missouri was a middle-ground, upon which the iron hoofs of both armies mercilessly beat.

One day these two companies, or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, companies from the two armies, recruited at our fire-sides, met in a belt of timber west of town, and there was vigorous battle.

The Union forces succeeded in capturing their enemies, but so closely bound were the men by social ties that some of the Northern troops supposed they were prisoners and did not learn their mistake until the Confederates were arraigned before the commander of the post in the village. When finally came the end of the strife, these fellow townsmen renewed the friendship sundered at the enlistment.

But to go back. The county court-house occupied a large block of ground in the center of the village. This was used as military headquarters by the commandant of the post. A flagstaff cut from the forest was planted in one corner of the square, from whose summit floated a flag by day. One morning a company of daring Confederates rode into town, drove the small squad of Federal troops from the court-house and took possession. The flag on the high staff was literally shot to pieces, and I can well remember seeing the tattered shreds floating in the air. It was soon replaced by the banner of the Confederacy, which remained until the Union commander could gather his shattered forces, face about and drive the bushwhackers from the intrenchments. Then the Stars and Stripes again floated over the little city.

While the village was thus occupied, one day there came the report that a number of "rebel" spies had been taken and would be brought to Warrensburg for conviction and execution. Conviction was an easy matter, for few men were there who had not some acquaintance among the enemy who could tell of threats and inuendoes made before the fighting began. The court-martial was not long in completing its work, and the next step was shorter but more tragic. Once at break of day I was startled from

my slumber by the sharp report of musketry. Soon after, I learned that five of the captured spies, kneeling blindfolded before a guard of men, had fallen forward dead. They were buried within a few feet of where they died, and a heap of stones marked their resting place.

A relative of mine, whose name became a terror to these bushwhackers, was the hero of many a deed of daring. On one occasion he was "scouting" with a squad of a dozen of his men. They drove a company of bushwhackers into a two-story frame house and followed them in. My cousin was the first to enter, and impetuously forced his horse to mount the broad, oaken stairs. Revolver in hand, he found himself in a room on the second floor, and there compelled a dozen men to surrender, nearly that number having already jumped from the windows and been captured by his associates.

One of our nearest neighbors was a man who had given much moral and financial aid to the South. His oldest son was the captain of a company of Quantrell's men, and one of his daughters won distinction as a "rebel" spy. It was the aim of the Federal troops to capture this family. The father died, and one night not long afterward his house was burned. It was then found to have been filled with vast stores of "stuff" suitable for sale among the people of the South,—cotton shirtings, cloths for military uniforms, quantities of buttons and baskets of spools of thread.

My cousin, hearing of the presence of this female spy at a house not far from town, rode out with a few of his soldiers and effected her capture. On the return to the village it became known to him that numerous bushwhackers were riding close beside them awaiting an opportunity to release the young woman. The captain, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by some of the enemy, informed the spy that at the first hostile demonstration on the part of her friends she would be instantly killed, as some of his men carried their weapons aimed in her direction for that purpose. The

threat sufficed, for she was safely landed in prison, the bushwhackers retiring without firing a shot. The girl was tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot as a spy, but I think the sentence was not carried into execution.

During the battle of Lexington, in August, 1862, two companies of Iowa cavalry, of the First Regiment, I believe, were stationed in the county court-house. General Mulligan's earthworks were on the crest of a hill half a mile away and overlooking the Missouri River. Price's advance drove the Iowa troops from the court-house into the earthworks, and the building was taken possession of by the Confederates. It is an old-fashioned court-house, two stories high, a porch extending along the front, the projecting gable-end supported by immense stone columns of Gothic architecture. As soon as Mulligan discovered this state of affairs, he turned his guns upon the Temple of Justice, and succeeded in planting some twelve-pound shots through its walls. He had been shooting high, and the porch was filled with Confederates, who jeered at every shot which went whistling through the upper air. Finally a solid shot struck one of the pillars near the capital, jarring the building and causing a stampede of those who, but a moment before, had made light of the aim of the doughty little band of artillerymen. A second shot plowed its way through the wall into the court-room, on the second floor, where some men were eating, and, to put it mildly, that meal was left unfinished. The mark left by the cannon-ball on that stone pillar remains to this day—a great indentation, the stone crushed and cracked like a piece of iron. The shot is preserved in the cabinet of a local curiosity gatherer.

While the Iowa troops were quartered in this court-house, one of them cut his name, company, regiment and the date, in a stone pillar on the porch, and I saw it a year or two ago. It was "R. B. Fulton, Company B, First Iowa Cavalry, February 19, 1862."

A farmer in the neighborhood of Warrensburg owned a large herd of young horses, two or three hundred head, perhaps, when the War began, and for a while did a thriving business selling horses to the members of the cavalry companies recruited thereabouts. This was profitable as long as the men who needed horses had money; but there came a time when the supply of cash gave out, and Mr. Shumate had to guard his herd very closely. His grown sons had enlisted at the first call for troops, and left him with a grown daughter and two small boys to run the farm. The young woman was not slow to see her sphere of usefulness, and, enlisting a girl companion, and arming themselves with the pistols presented by soldier sweethearts, they undertook the care of the herd. Both girls were at home in the saddle, and neither knew fear. It was sport for them, and would have been death to the bushwhacker had he come with burglarious intent. These girls guarded the horses without the loss of one of them, although they often held saucy conversation with roving Union and Confederate middle-ground soldiers who frequented that region.

My father occupied a peculiar position in the community. He was a cabinet maker, and in those days furnished many of the coffins used there. He was a Union man in sympathy, but the husband of a strong Southern woman, and he tried for the sake of his little home and family to maintain a neutral position. This he was not always permitted to do. He was hounded and harassed by a certain element on both sides. On one occasion a company of Confederate soldiers, led by a man who was an open and avowed personal enemy, came to the house to mete summary "justice" on my father. The knock at the door awakened me, and, when my mother opened the door and held the light so that the faces of the men could be seen, I, a mere boy, recognizing an acquaintance, innocently went to greet him. The spectacle of a tow-

headed boy in a long night-gown so amused the men that their attention was temporarily withdrawn from my father, and he was thus enabled to make his way unseen through the rear door to safety.

There were droll and laughable scenes along with those of a sanguinary nature, especially at first, when the soldiers were fresh from the shop and the plow and unused to the horrors of war. We can laugh now at the remembrance of many incidents that were solemn enough when they transpired.

Among the troops encamped in our section was a brigade of raw recruits mustered in the counties adjacent and massed at Warrensburg, awaiting the opening of the spring campaign. They were unused to camp life, and may not have been over clean in person. As a consequence, when small-pox became epidemic in the early spring, it spread rapidly among these new men and caused great excitement. A very few deaths resulted, but a strong religious wave swept over the troops, and the regimental chaplains were called upon to baptize the converts in large numbers. Accordingly, on the day set, hundreds of soldiers and citizens assembled on the banks of the small stream near the general's headquarters, to watch the proceedings. I remember on one occasion some forty soldiers were immersed "at one killin'," as one of them remarked. The same minister baptized all, and stood for half an hour up to his armpits in water from which two or three inches of ice had been cut for the occasion. No accident befell any of them, but toward the close of the exercises a picket came rushing in with the information, delivered in a high-keyed voice, that "Bill Anderson's gang are coming like hell, not more'n a mile away!" The new-fledged Baptists were not long in scrambling out of the stream and gathering up their outside clothing, which had been laid aside for the battle with Satan. "Anderson's gang" proved to be a detachment of Union troops returning from a foraging expedition.

AMBUSHED BY INDIANS.

THE NEW ULM MASSACRE—A THRILLING CHAPTER IN MINNESOTA'S HISTORY.

BY LE ROY G. DAVIS.

A MONUMENT has been erected at New Ulm, Minnesota, in honor of the men who bravely defended that city when it was besieged by the Sioux Indians in 1862. Much has been written descriptive of that desperate fight, and still it is doubtful if the half has been told. This sketch is written on the authority of one of the participants in the incident described.

Fugitives from the scattered settlements farther west had brought news to many families along the lines of their routes to New Ulm of the horrible butcheries the savages were committing, and that town was fast filling with frightened settlers seeking safety. A few had rifles; more were armed with shotguns; but many were without arms of any kind. Some in their excitement and haste had left stock and crops and everything else when the news reached them, and taken the quickest possible means of reaching the town—in many instances a yoke of oxen and lumber wagon. Others, either slower to believe the rumors or less fear-

ful, had taken time to turn their stock loose, hide their valuables and lock their houses. Many were overtaken in flight and ruthlessly slaughtered, men, women and children, while pleading for mercy or defending themselves as best they could.

Occasionally a boy would escape the lynx-eyed savages while his elders were being butchered, and would make his way alone to New Ulm, there to fire the hearts of the men with desire for revenge and strike new terror to the hearts of the women and children by his horrible story of savage cruelty.

An uncle of the writer was a soldier at the time in a Minnesota regiment. He relates that at a farm-house some miles up the Big Cottonwood River from New Ulm the detachment of which he was a member found a whole family massacred and lying about the place, scalped, where they had fallen. The house had not been burned, and inside at a table, where the family had apparently been eating when surprised by the Indians, sat an infant about three years old. The child was fastened in the high chair, with its little hands nailed to the table and a plate of food between them. No other mark of violence was to be seen; but the child was dead.

Scant hopes had these pioneers of being able, with their limited supply of arms and ammunition and their lack of discipline, to beat off the threatened attack; but they were determined to the last degree. Settlers were arriving at all hours of the day and night, and small parties were organizing and going out into the country to rescue or bring in friends and relatives. So when the Indians closed in around the town on that memorable August day there were a number of these parties still out on the prairie. One of



LE ROY G. DAVIS.

these parties was composed of sixteen men. They had started up along the Big Cottonwood River, some on horseback, the others in three lumber wagons with as many horse teams. They were armed with shotguns and rifles and determined to use them if it became necessary. They expected, however, to reach their friends and return with them to New Ulm before the Indians reached the neighborhood. Hurrying up the river as fast as circumstances would permit, they reached a point about fourteen miles southwest from New Ulm without seeing any signs of the red men. The river, however, was bordered by a thick growth of timber, well filled with underbrush, and any number of Indians might have been in hiding there without danger of being seen by the settlers. At this point they met a belated fugitive who informed them that the family they had come to rescue had started for New Ulm the night before. Turning about, they made all possible haste to get to town before the Indians could cut off their retreat.

New Ulm is situated on a table-land, skirted on the south and west by bluffs and on the north and east by the Minnesota River. These bluffs were covered by a thick growth of trees and underbrush, and broken by numerous winding ravines. The wagon-road coming in from the west reached the table-land from the prairie above by following a long winding ravine down between the bluffs. On either side of the road for nearly the whole distance to the foot of the hills the underbrush was very dense, and came in many places up to the very edge of the traveled track. The returning party reached the top of this ravine without seeing anything to indicate the presence of their savage enemies. As a precaution, however, most of the men in the wagons got out and proceeded down the hill on foot with guns at full cock. Everything was quiet and not a sign of an enemy could be seen. They had nearly reached the open ground at the foot of the hill, having passed several turns in the ravine which might have easily con-

cealed an ambush and were already congratulating themselves upon their safe return when, suddenly, without the least warning, the trees and bushes on either side of them seemed to have turned to blazing rifles and whooping savages. In an instant the surprised settlers were falling and their horses madly rearing and plunging. The situation called for immediate action. They thought to retreat, but such a course they instantly saw would be madness, as the Indians could pick them off at their leisure while they were climbing the hill down which they had come. Seeing that their only chance was in a rush, they discharged their guns at the yelling Indians and then ran straight ahead for their lives. The horses needed no urging. They seemed to understand the danger as well as their masters. For a few moments the scene was horrible in the extreme. Horses plunging and rearing and dashing riderless down the hill, the yells of the triumphant savages and the groans of the dying men, combined, with the rattle of the rifles and the louder reports of the shotguns, to burn the scene into the memory of every survivor.

A young man by the name of Luther Ives was driving one of the teams. At the first Indian yell, he took aim and fired at the nearest savage. The Indian fell like a log, but young Ives did not waste a second glance to see whether he was killed or only feigning death. Jumping to his feet he urged and guided the frantic horses through the ambush and into the town without receiving a scratch, though the Indians pursued them to within rifle range of the outlying houses. One of the wagons in place of a box had six-inch planks laid loosely on the bolsters. A man named Kirby, on this wagon, tore away a few of these planks, clutched and swung himself under the wagon reach and, holding on to the forward end with his hands and crossing his legs over the other, he hung on with all his might while the frightened team,—its driver and the rest of its load having been killed,—tore on into town in the wake of the other wagon. It was a terrible

gauntlet. Of the sixteen men who entered the ravine only six came out alive. Returning from the pursuit after the white men had gained the friendly shelter of the buildings, the Indians completed their horrible work by tomahawking the wounded and scalping all who in the hurry of the fight had been missed.

The bodies of the murdered men were not recovered until the next day. One still breathed, but expired as soon as an attempt was made to remove him. The

six who escaped were able to do brave and effective service in defense of the town during the siege, and some of them afterwards enlisted in the army. Young Ives was one of these. He fought the Indians again under General Sibley in the Dakotas ; but, although in some hard-fought battles, in one of which a murderous-looking arrow passed through his thigh, none of his experiences as a soldier compared in excitement and danger with the ambush at New Ulm.

TRADING-DAY.

BY ERNESTE WYLDE.

IN a small town in the West,—a town I designated a city, and boasting of mayor and council,—trading-day comes on Saturday. For many miles around, farmers, whose dwellings are scattered over the numerous bluffs, nestled down by creek and river-side, or hidden among the trees of adjacent groves, prepare themselves for the eventful occurrence with habitual regularity. The men appear in jeans and cowhides, slouch hats, grimy caps,—even with shabby, dangling tags of ravelings here and there, or more conspicuous rips and vacuous spaces ; the women, in cotton gowns and sun-bonnets in summer ; in winter enveloped in woolen wraps, furs and wadded quilts. Children are gay in scarlets and yellows, in pinks and blues, or somber in blacks and browns and Quaker grays. The long farm wagons are called into requisition, seats are occupied, and produce of dairy and henry are stowed away underneath. More elaborate carriages are gotten out. My lady dons her visiting attire. Young misses are in good humor, and with last glimpses of rose-red cheeks, and eyes that dance to glad heart-beats, come thoughts of Ben and Jake and Harry and Bill, whom they may happen to meet in town.

The long, wide avenue which constitutes the main thoroughfare of this attractive town begins quite early to present remarkable activity. Merchants have specialties to exhibit. Goods are

wantonly displayed outside the doors. Prints vie for prominence with early greens, red blankets with potatoes, cabbages and "rootibagies." Even the painted signs have a more conspicuous seeming, and flaunt their variform letters in a peculiarly winning manner. The long rows of hitching posts along the street seem to say, "We're here, ready and waiting to hold your beasts, and no charge the while." By mid-afternoon all the posts are utilized. Those standing on adjoining streets are engaged likewise.

The corner-auction is in progress. People hurry hither and thither, jostle one another, buy, barter, listen to the news, talk of—everything, from stock and poultry to loans and mortgages ; from wearing apparel and grocers' sundries to politics and babies. Not infrequently the babies themselves grow "fussy" meanwhile, and, as disposed, mothers trot and nurse them, or give vent to such expressive utterances as "Hush up, you kid!" "Quit that ere bawlin', I tell ye,—quit it to wunct!"

Before sundown the stir and noise abate. The hitching posts relinquish their charges, except here and there a lone saddle-horse or team whose owner is belated. Men, women and babies vanish with rumble of wheels and clatter of hoofs and hum of voices ; with fresh supplies for press and larder and brain, and with the inevitable hope of a similar experience on the Saturday to follow.

Educational Department.

CURRENT MOVEMENTS IN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

BY FRANK B. COOPER.

IT IS to be counted as a promising augury for education, that the problems of teaching have never been so searchingly and seriously studied as now. Question and discussion are rife everywhere; light is turned on from all quarters. Not only from the ranks of those engaged in educational work, but from pulpit and rostrum, from the secular and religious as well as educational press, proceed in unwonted measure the sounds of attack and defense of present educational methods and conditions. Nowhere is heard, however, any attempt to maintain the importance and necessity of education as a means of individual or national development and progress. That, happily, is settled; but attention is now directed toward the desirability of putting education upon safe and sure foundations suitable to the conditions and needs of human and civic life.

According to Herbert Spencer there are three phases through which human opinion passes in developing from the lower to the higher: "The unanimity of the ignorant, the disagreement of the inquiring, and the unanimity of the wise."

This test may be applied to educational opinion in general or to particular questions affecting education. If to the former, we quickly conclude that since there is such marked lack of unanimity in educational opinion and since discussion is so prevalent, we are now in the second stage, that of the disagreement of the inquiring. If it is true, on the other hand, that while many questions concerning the training of the young are still unsettled,—altogether too many,—there are still others that are definitely and finally decided and about which there is practically no disagreement; so with respect to them we may be said to be in

the third stage of progress and arrived at the unanimity of the wise.

To illustrate: There has been a time when both educational and public sentiment sanctioned the indiscriminate use of the rod; this was "the unanimity of the ignorant." Then there began to be question as to the advisability of its frequent and general application; this was "the disagreement of the inquiring"; finally there has come to be a general acceptance of the doctrine that such methods are in their effects rather harmful than otherwise, and would better not be practiced save in exceptional cases. This is "the unanimity of the wise." Other changes in educational attitude have been quite as marked, and we may not be quite sure but that the theories and practices now held good may in time receive the condemnation of those wiser.

The effect of this educational unrest and of the subjection of the grounds of our educational faith to examination and



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investigation is to be deplored if the changes resulting from such examination are likely to sweep away what the experience of the centuries has pronounced wholesome along with what is found to be unnutritious or pernicious. That school education now suffers both in administration and instruction from limitations imposed by tradition, that it does not conform wholly to the genius of the times, and that it has not reached its most desirable form are statements that must pass unchallenged in the minds of the thoughtful.

That of the old which is bad or un-nourishing must give way and be replaced by that of the new which has the sanction of good sense, and in the process of transformation it will happen that what zeal proposes will sometimes be found to be unsound. Mistakes will be made. They are the usual if not the necessary accompaniment of evolution toward better things in all human reforms. Fermentation has its dregs and its froth. The fad comes to the surface in filmy bubbles; it sparkles and glitters in the sunlight of hope, but vanishes before the breath of reason. Nevertheless, underneath the glistening and effervescent foam is the throb of new life, perhaps; and the ear that hears that throb and the judgment that sounds the meaning of that changing life, is better than the eye that sees nothing but froth or the voice that proclaims the movement the fancy of an hour. Many a blessing has been born in the brain of the enthusiast, many a beacon for humanity's safer guidance has been lit at the zealot's torch.

Some one dreams to-day and to-morrow his dream is a fact; the fantastic notion of the present hour may become a ruling principle the next, and the fad of this year be common work another year. Every upward step the world takes has its beginning in a dream. There is everywhere, in everything, in work of every sort, the night of dreams; the gray, misty dawn; the burnishing light of the rising sun, and, behold! the world of work is transformed; "old things have

passed away, all things have become new." The man or woman who dreams of better things for his race may prove a benefactor, and he who to-day startles us with the conception of a better curriculum or better methods in education may be enshrined by and by. Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel and Herbart were such, and the list is not yet full.

This looking toward the new can be overdone, for it does not follow that because a thing is new it is better than the old; but it is quite as true that holding tenaciously to the old fills the hands by and by with lumber and rust, so that while one holds to the "old" he must look for the better "new," believing that the old is best only as it has in it the leaven and health of the wholesome new.

In spite of the extended and in some degree overloaded course of study and the refinements of system in our present school education, the conditions are incomparably better than the schooling of forty years ago with its "three R's," its rigid discipline, its deification of the memory and its wasted time. The school of to-day is sometimes called a "machine," and the charge has some truth in it, but this has resulted from organization,—and organization has been essential in education as in every other department of successful labor.

The establishment of an educational system, the arrangement of the details of administration and the determination and elaboration of courses of study have proved a mighty task and have naturally restricted educational thought and activity. Professional energy has been chiefly devoted to the perfection of a system, to the evolution of text-books, to the invention of contrivances and apparatus, to the preparation of a school environment. This work has been well done,—possibly, too well done. The tendency of it all has been to emphasize the mechanical side of teaching often at the expense of the real interests of the child. The time is now happily past when it is necessary to attend scrupulously to the instrumental

element in teaching. The history of that epoch is practically written. The day marked by faith in the things of organization and external means draws to its close; there is breaking the light of a better and holier faith, and teachers are coming to put their chief trust in spiritual rather than mechanical forces.

Another cause operating to hinder the broader and more liberal development of school work has come from the necessary employment of many poorly equipped teachers. The settlement of the country has been so rapid, and the increase of population so great, that the demand for teachers has been altogether out of proportion to the supply in all parts of the country, especially so in the newer sections, so that the standard of qualification has been necessarily lower than desirable, and many with insufficient preparation have been called into work, any phase of which requires for its efficient performance thoroughness and breadth of scholarship and the skill resulting from professional training. With the country practically settled and a gradually increasing population, the chances for improving the quality of the preparation of teachers will be greatly increased and the standard of teaching may be more easily raised.

During the past ten years there has been a marked and growing activity in educational ranks. The investigation of methods of teaching has been very thorough and general. Teachers' meetings have been more frequent, more generally attended and more definite in aim than ever before. Pedagogical literature has greatly increased. More books treating the subject of education have been issued during the past decade than in all time preceding. Many of these have been produced here, and many have been translations from European pedagogical literature. Most of the books published and most of the professional periodicals have been devoted to methodology, but there have been not a few excellent productions in the fields of educational psychology and history.

Reading circles have been organized in many of the states under the auspices of the State Teachers' Associations and books upon general literature as well as those having a professional bearing have been adopted for reading. In one state, Indiana, many thousand of these books are sold to and read annually by teachers through the reading circle influence.

Chairs of pedagogy have been established in many colleges,—the best institutions in the land thus giving recognition to the desirability and need of professional training in addition to a purely literary preparation. Ten years ago there were only five or six colleges that had any pedagogical work; now, it is the exception that the better class of colleges and universities do not have such work. In many institutions the professors of pedagogy are numbered among the ablest men in the faculty. These professors exercise a wholesome influence in several directions. They not only provide instruction in the science and art of teaching for their students, and inspire them with enthusiasm for the work, but they look abroad over the field of education, study its various phases, investigate adaptation of means to conditions, consult with those engaged in the practical work of the schools, bring to them something of the philosophic atmosphere, and in these ways and others give intension to the life and work of school education. The presence of these earnest and well equipped men in the faculties of the colleges has given to the science of teaching a dignity in the eyes of the long established professorships which it has not before possessed. College men, recognizing that the public school is a part of a great educational whole, have joined hands with public school men and women in the discussion of problems of education; and even among themselves, notably in the Association of New England Colleges, President Eliot of Harvard leading, they have taken up some of the grave questions of public school work and given them earnest, thoughtful and dignified, if not always

unprejudiced, consideration. They have called attention from their standpoint to unfavorable conditions affecting public school work, and their criticisms have been kindly received and fairly discussed if not always accepted as just. And all this has had the effect of turning the questioning attention of the public school people upon those features of their work subjected to criticism and upon other features as well, and the effect has been to open the way to modification and improvement of existing conditions.

There had been for a number of years a National Educational Association, meagerly attended and made up largely of educational men of the Eastern states; but in 1884 the meeting came west of the Alleghanies for the first time, being held at Madison, Wisconsin, and though until that time the association did not have a national significance, from that time until the present, the success as well as the national character of the association has been increasing. Teachers from all parts of the Union to the number of eight to ten thousand annually gather at the shrine of education, discuss its great questions, freshen their inspiration, and go back to their work more thoughtful, more hopeful and more helpful. But this is not all that is accomplished by this great organization. Its membership fees being largely in excess of its expenses a fund has been accumulating since ten years ago, now amounting to something more than \$50,000. The possession of such a fund enables the association to investigate, through committees, important questions relating to education, and to do it in a thorough, methodical way, so that when a report has been made it will bear evidence of painstaking and serious consideration of every side and every interest involved, and this carries weight with it to the minds of the mass of teachers and the people. Three such committees have been appointed and two have already reported.

This national association is divided into departments—kindergarten, elementary school, secondary school, col-

lege and numerous others—which hold meetings on given afternoons at the time of the national gathering. One department, however, that known as the department of superintendence, holds its meetings in February of each year, and is attended largely by state and city superintendents and professors of pedagogy. This department meeting, until recently of no special interest or prominence, has brought together from all parts of the Union as many as three hundred educational workers interested in the questions relating to state and city supervision. This and the larger central organization are the two great instrumentalities engaged in working out in a broad way necessary reforms in the plans and methods pertaining to education. The endorsement of any new or reformatory measure in education by such a body is not likely to be given hastily or inconsiderately. School men are, as a mass, conservative, and are quite unlikely to adopt any important views that are not reasonable or well digested. As a whole, they are likewise conscientious and patriotic, hence unwilling to inflict upon growing humanity any prejudicial treatment resulting from ill-advised changes in curriculum, in methods or in administration. For these reasons the sanction of the body of thinking teachers, given to what may appear to be "new departures," is entitled to the respect and consideration of the parent, citizen or individual teacher.

There is a well-defined movement now in progress that is likely to affect in no slight degree the elementary courses of study. This movement began to take definite form when three years ago the now famous (famous in the educational world) Committee of Ten made its report upon secondary school studies. This committee was appointed by the president of the National Education Association, and was headed by President Eliot, of Harvard. An appropriation of \$2,500 was made for the use of the committee in carrying on its investigations. At an early meeting the committee decided to

organize conferences on various subjects of study, each conference to consist of ten members. There were nine of these conferences, thus making ninety members, divided as follows: Forty-seven were in the service of colleges or universities, forty-two in the service of schools, and one was a government official formerly in the service of a university. A considerable number of the college men, however, had also had experience in the schools. All the conferences met for three days; their discussions were frank, earnest and thorough, and an extraordinary unity of opinion was arrived at. The reports of the conferences were reviewed and discussed by the original committee and its own report formulated after three revisions. This report was made to the National Council of Education and published by the Bureau of Education at Washington.

The subjects assigned to the various conferences were: 1. Latin. 2. Greek. 3. English. 4. Other Modern Languages. 5. Mathematics. 6. Physics, Astronomy and Chemistry. 7. Natural History. 8. History, Civil Government, Political Economy. 9. Geography.

One noticeable feature of the conference reports is that these bodies of experts proposed to have the elements of their several subjects taught earlier than they are now taught.

The committee, in reporting upon secondary school courses of instruction, found it necessary to make recommendations affecting the elementary courses of instruction, since high school and elementary school sustain the relation to each other of foundation and superstructure. Those most likely to be given immediate practical consideration are the ones relating to the introduction of the study of Latin into the elementary schools about the seventh year of school life, to the introduction of algebra in simplified form and in connection with arithmetic into the seventh year of school and concrete geometry into the following year.

The committee further recommended that elementary science or nature study

be pursued without the use of text-books from the child's entrance upon school life to the close of the elementary school period.

If these recommendations were carried out, an already full course of instruction would of necessity be overloaded, hence it was necessary for the conference to suggest means of cutting out from the course as it stands in order to make room for the introduction of new work. They recommended that the study of formal or systematic grammar as a separate study be limited to one year's work, to be undertaken not earlier than the thirteenth year of the pupil's age, that the teaching should aim to enable the pupil to recognize the parts of speech and to analyze sentences, both as to structure and syntax, and that routine parsing should be avoided. They would have spelling learned incidentally — not from a spelling book. They would increase and improve the work in language study, including composition and the study of literature. The conference of mathematics proposed a reduction in the time given to the study of arithmetic and omission of some of the topics taught, urging that their teaching serves no useful purpose at the present time, and that so far as any useful principles are embodied in them, they belong to algebra, and can be taught with algebraic methods with such facility that there is no longer any sound reason for their retention in the arithmetical course. The report holds that as pupils in the elementary schools are too young and inexperienced to understand many things taught in business arithmetic, they waste valuable energy in fruitless struggles with problems which they cannot comprehend, and that it would be to their advantage to be employed with a different class of exercises within their comprehension.

This "Committee of Ten" report, of which I have mentioned only some of the more noticeable features, naturally caused much interest and discussion, not unmixed with opposition, in educational circles throughout the land. The committee

disarmed criticism to some extent by the statement that the requirements made by the report were clearly beyond present attainment in some particulars, that it was the intention of the committee to erect a standard not finally unattainable, though at present it be impracticable. It was recognized by the report that in order to carry out its recommendations, even in part, would require a more adequate preparation of teachers than now generally prevails. When the report was first published and its radical features stood out most strongly, and before the educational public had given it the serious consideration it deserved, it was objected that the men comprising the committee and conferences all belonged either to college or high school work, that the elementary schools were not represented and for that reason the report was one-sided and consequently objectionable. It was proposed at once that another committee, composed of common or elementary school men, should be appointed and given similar resources and powers. This was done, and the Committee of Fifteen appointed to consider the subjects connected with the elementary schools, conferred and reported to the Department of Superintendence at a meeting held in Cleveland, Ohio, February last. This report covered a number of points made by the Committee of Ten and on those I have made prominent by mention, the Committee of Fifteen, composed of public school men, agrees in the main with the Committee of Ten.

Both these important reports emphasize the importance of nature study, of acquainting the child with the world which is not of books, and of putting him into early and active communication with the original sources of knowledge—the things about him. It is not the intention of nature study to impart information; that is a secondary purpose. The aim is to interest children in living and growing things, and to train them to use their senses, to be alert of eye and ear, and accurate as well.

It has been said that as man is a

creature of five senses, he who lacks one of the senses is only four-fifths of a man, and if he lacks two he is only three-fifths. If early in the career of a child a well-considered and careful effort is made to direct his observation and to appeal to his natural interest in living and growing things, he will have started a habit and unlocked activities that will always be a source of help and of knowledge to him. If a child be so taught that he will be enabled to see four things where without such teaching he could have only seen three things, if by that teaching he can do four things where without it he could only have done three, the school where he received such training is worth much more to him than the one that gives him the power to read and spell without such training. It may be urged that the introduction of nature study will interfere with the teaching of the school arts. If, as held, it contributes to quickness and accurateness of observation, if it sharpens the discrimination, it must more than make up to reading and spelling what it has taken away from them, and so it will and does.

It is a fact well known to those who have watched the effect of kindergarten training, that children who have had the benefit of such training have more readiness and more power in doing the work of the elementary schools than those who have not been so trained. Hence, whatever contributes to the child's quickness and accuracy of observation, whatever brings out a waiting germ of power, increases his ability to master the common school studies.

Within a decade a strongly modifying influence upon the work of the schools has come through the application of true scientific methods in the class-room. The text-book study of science, the endless grind of terminology, the memorizing of many facts which had never been the subject of observation, has had to give way to what is known as the laboratory method. In comparing its results with those of the text-book method, it may be said that not nearly so many facts are learned *about* science in a given time, but

much more of science, and along with that the training of discrimination, "the absolute boundary of intelligence."

The effect of this study of real things, substituted for conning pages of facts about them, has reached to other departments of instruction besides that of science. Its tendency has been to put a premium upon the method of investigation in literature, and history and other departments of study. Not that the child can become an original investigator, but that there are things which he can learn by and for himself. It has given emphasis to the truth that it is what a child does as a self-active being, not what he learns by rote, that gives him both knowledge and power. Popular belief, and to some extent educational practice, is still impregnated with the notion handed down from the Renaissance, when the waking intelligence of the world turned to the learning locked up in classic literature and registered the belief that "knowledge is power." Ever since that time until within a recent period education has been conducted upon the assumption that the more a man knows of books the more he can do; and so the aim and method of education have drawn inspiration from that doctrine, and filling the mind with facts, no matter what connection they bore to each other or to the pupil's experience, has been in too many instances and to too great a degree recognized as proper educational practice.

There is much more than necessary alarm shown sometimes by both teachers and parents because a child or youth may have forgotten this or that process, or cannot give this or that fact after the lapse of a year or two, or perhaps of only a few months. It is no reflection upon the teaching he has received that such a thing may happen if the process or fact has been connectedly and clearly taught. The mind is not an encyclopaedia, and all that has been realized there is not always subject to recall unless it is recalled with some frequency. It is true, however, that the force and influence of an impression is not lost when gained in the

right way, but often the effect of it, instead of remaining as knowledge, is converted into power. Things more important, more needful and closer to life, are remembered. Processes and facts unused may be dissipated as the years increase, but the energy spent in their acquisition has not gone for naught, but reappears in a new and more highly developed form; it has been converted into power.

The most significant and momentous movement now on foot in education is child study. "It has in it," so a level-headed normal school president says, "the germs of revolution." Not much has been done; only a little is known, but if the revelations at a later stage in the movement are at all proportionate to those already made, we must look for radical modifications not only in the conditions that affect the physical welfare of the child, in lighting, in ventilation, in construction of school buildings, in play, in exercise and work, but also in course of study, in administration and treatment. This child study represents one of two important and emphatic remonstrances of these later days to the old introspective psychology. The other remonstrance is to be found in the development of physiological psychology which has exercised an influential bearing upon studies in the philosophy of education.

Child study has for its purpose the observation of children with a view to gathering a mass of facts relative to their growth, physical and intellectual, their mental and moral characteristics, their likes and dislikes, aptitudes, dispositions and habits. These facts will be collated, studied, classified by those competent, and conclusions arrived at. Investigation must doubtless continue for many years before final or decided conclusions can be reached upon many points. We may now be said to be in the fact-gathering stage of the science of education. This movement has been going on in a modest way for a number of years, and many experiments and investigations have already been made.

Some conclusions have been reached that point emphatically to the necessity of modifications in the treatment of children. One of the results refers to the slow diffusion of nervous energy from the brain and spinal cord outward. The nervous force in the case of children communicates more readily with those muscles nearer the centers than with those more remote, as, to the muscles of the upper arm more quickly than to those which move the fingers. This accounts for the tendency in children up to the eighth or ninth year of age to prefer long, sweeping movements of the arm, especially observable before the child has had school instruction. If during this period of development the fingers are exercised in doing exact work, as in writing, in the fine work of the kindergarten, now happily eliminated, or in work of any kind employing the muscles at the extremities and requiring exactness, the nerve centers are unduly drawn upon and nervous waste occurs which interferes with the proper development of both body and mind.

Another important result of child study relates to the transformation that takes place in the physical and mental organism at what is known as the age of pubescence. At from twelve to fifteen years of age the bodily organs of the individual undergo a marked change. The intellectual and emotional life also take on new characteristics. New interests appear, old ones drop out of sight. The boy now enters upon that critical time which our fathers called the "hog years," but without understanding its real import or danger. During this period of change the growth of the body is often very rapid, and the needs of the rapidly growing body cause it to appropriate more than its share of nutrition, so that the brain is insufficiently nourished, and intellectual work of good quality is next to impossible.

It is commonly supposed that the change in the physical nature of the girl is more marked than in the boy, but investigation proves the contrary. It has

been shown that boys are not taller and heavier than girls of a corresponding age throughout the entire period of development, but that at twelve years old the girl begins to grow more rapidly, outstripping the boy and maintaining her greater height until about sixteen, when the boy has caught up and shows greater weight and height. The rapid growth of the boy does not begin until about the age of fourteen, and during the two years following his growth exceeds that of the five or six years preceding. It frequently happens that a boy up to this time has maintained a good average as a student, but now there is decay of interest and slacking of effort. Up to this time the brain has been steadily increasing in weight, the boy's brain showing a little heavier than the girl's; but at fourteen there is a decided loss in the weight of the boy's brain, so that it goes down to what it weighed when he was four or five years of age. The girl also suffers a loss in the weight of the brain, but it occurs earlier and is not so marked, and she has recovered her brain vigor and is at her best intellectually when the boy begins to lose his strength of brain and is at his worst. Here is another convincing evidence of the fact that the blood has been withdrawn from the brain to nourish the other bodily organs. This poverty of brain nutrition explains many irregularities and eccentricities in the boy at this time. He loses interest in the things that before interested him, he shows dispositions and tendencies not before manifested, he is out of joint with everybody, including himself, and it frequently happens that at this stage of growth, both parental and school authority may become less respected, school becomes a prison and all tasks, except those of his own selecting, are irksome. The treatment of a boy at this critical stage is a serious problem for both parent and teacher, but an appreciative and patient attitude on their part will materially assist in tiding him safely over it, and he will then resume his former steady and commendable course.

These are only indications of the great questions that may be wrapped up in this investigation of children. It is plainly evident that we must take more counsel of the laws inscribed way back at the beginning in the life of the child, that we must be willing to consult more freely the tendencies and limitations of the child's life, and have more regard for his choices and interests, his likes and dislikes, his comforts and discomforts. Some harm will come, but uncounted good also will grow out of the study of the child. The eye of the teacher will be more likely to have the whole boy in range. Defective make-up, conditioning factors, and varying ability will all pass before the vision and modify judgments and measures.

Physical defect or variation, intellectual weakness or strength in any particular, moral bias or aberration, temperament, disposition, tastes, need discovery and study so that they can be corrected, amended or strengthened. Wherever there is deviation from the normal, there must be exception in treatment. Human character is personal light and shade. Personality is hue,—the coloring caused by composition of traits,—and every separate character is a different color or shade from every other character. If one draws a line with a blue pencil upon yellow paper the mark will be of a greenish cast, if he strokes upon red paper with the same blue pencil a violet line will appear. If he uses the same pencil upon paper of orange shade, he will get a neutral tint. If he applies the same blue pencil to white paper a blue line will result. So with children whose characters are as various as the changing

tints of the spectrum, the same treatment in instruction or discipline rarely brings out identical resulting lines. With the white, the typical character, like begets like, blue comes out of blue, but the difficulty is the type exists only in the abstract.

The fact of individual difference is the most serious and trying of all the problems of education. To ignore it is to enthrone system and rule at the expense of personal welfare. To consult it is to throw the machinery out of gear at every turn of the wheels.

There is a movement, slow, scarcely felt, but certain, toward greater liberality in the adjustment of the machinery of the school to individual needs. There now obtain in many of the best schools much more freedom and flexibility than formerly. The opinion and practice of many of those charged with school administration is that the public school should meet the child at the point of his needs, as nearly as it can and still serve the interests of the many. A delinquency in any essential particular is no longer a bar to a pupil's advancement,—but it should be shown to be delinquency and not indisposition. Many changes in the direction of increased liberality in providing for the instruction and advancement of individual pupils will be made as soon as the teaching force is ample enough to permit it.

Until then, and until the qualification of teachers is of a character fully requisite for the many and increasing demands of education, those charged with directing the progress of the schools may be safely trusted to do all in their power to minister wisely to the needs of our growing American citizens.

LOVED.

A LOW, sweet, crooning melody
Is throbbing in my brain;
It thrills my heart, eliminates
The very thought of pain.
The dark, brown sand that lately seemed
A throbbing, restless sea
Has blossomed into Paradise,—
Ah! Heaven is kind to me.

Minnie Stichter.

IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICA."

*Who moulds in bronze
some hero's face,
Or carves a marble
bust,
May see his idol lose
its grace,
His marble turn to
dust;*

*For time corrodes the
bronze he casts ;
The Parian marble
turns
To darker hues, or but
outlasts
The ashes in its urns.*

*The image on the can-
vas made
No lease with time
has got ;
A hundred years—the
colors fade,
And all that was is
not.*

*The arch, the spire, the
lofty dome,
All crumble to decay,
And all that's left of
mighty Rome
Is stone, and mire,
and clay.*

*No work e'er done by
mortal hands
Outlasts time's wast-
ing flood ;
The lion walks on
golden sands
Where Homer's cities
stood.*

*Roofless the walls of
Paestum stand ;
They only speak to tell
How by far seas and
desert land
The works of ages
fell.*

*But Homer, breathing on his lyre,
Three thousand years ago,
Lit with his torch the immortal fire
Whose flames forever glow.*

*And Ajax' name, and Helen's face,
For ages will live on,
When only ruins mark the place
Where stood the Parthenon.*

*The Lesbian Temples all are gone,
But songs that Sappho sung
Live like the seas that beat upon
The rock from which she sprung.*

*So time will keep the glorious Hymn—
The patriot's burning lay.
What though the singer's eyes be dim,
Or cold the poet's clay !*

[Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, Died November 16, 1895.]

America.

*My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.*

J. F. Smith.

Written in 1832.

June 30, 1894.

From the Autograph Collection of Chas. F. Collisson, Keokuk.

*Like one of old his harp he strung,
And list'ning people heard ;
On land and sea the strain was sung,
A nation's heart was stirred.*

*And more than warrior's sword, his song
His country's life upheld ;
In drifting years, of right or wrong,
His anthem ever swelled.*

*For if once touched, the vibrant strings,
Their notes new notes inspire,
Till he who hears and he who sings
Breathe the same heavenly fire.*

*And lisping children learn the strain
Their gray-haired sires have sung,
And echoing o'er the land again
It lives forever young.*

S. H. M. Byers.

HOME THEMES.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

See ye the glory in yonder sky?
Hear ye the wondrous song on high?
"Glory to God!" Do ye hear them sing?
"Peace on earth—good will we bring!"—
The Christ child comes!

"Peace on earth!" Hear the voices sing.
"Good will and peace to men we bring!"—
Through Judea's plains rang sweet and clear
That song divine,—and the world did hear.
The Christ child comes!

R. F. B.

NOVEL AND PLEASING INTERIORS.

BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

ONE writer says: "Some rooms strike you at once by their artistic beauty, and it is because there is no clashing of color or overshadowing of material. Such apartments have been furnished with reference to what they would look like as a whole instead of being put together piecemeal, with a haphazard disregard for harmony. Our homes are not museums where there should be gathered together as large a collection as possible of all sorts of furnishings; but they are places where we are to live and breathe, where bodies are to develop and minds are to be influenced by the subtle harmonies about us, instead of being cramped and depressed, owing to the overcrowding that so many regard as a necessary adjunct of house furnishing."

A very unique room which was recently furnished is a fitting nest for the handsome brunet who occupies it. It is hexagon shaped. Each side of the room is neatly covered with canvas. A suspicion of gilding is noticed where the edges meet. The hexagon ceiling has each side separated from the other by a slender gilt rod and all the rods taper to a common center. The Southern gray moss gracefully droops from the gold rods. A bamboo portière, divided with red, green and gold beads at regular intervals, separates this apartment from the dressing room beyond. On the sunny side are low, double windows, which flood the room with sunshine. Several rustic shelves laden with a collection of

unique shells, coins and candelabra, are suspended by means of ropes. Bunches of bright autumn berries and cat-tails lend color to the room. A broad, low divan, with its tent-like drapery or canopy of yellow and crimson silk and gay spread of vivid red, yellow and green, with sofa cushions to match, occupies one corner of this charming den. A bamboo tea table with a cover of pale gold-colored silk is furnished with an Egyptian tea-set. Near the table hangs a gypsy pot of brass, suspended from rustic poles. Throughout the room are scattered numerous fur rugs and floor cushions with jars of palms. The furniture used here is willow and bamboo.

The young lady hostess, who reminds one of a veritable gypsy with her glossy, dark hair and luminous eyes, expects to serve afternoon tea in this gypsy bower, and her costume is a gown of pale yellow silk with a round sleeveless jacket embroidered in gold thread, showing here and there gleams of red and green.

The new cozy corners can be had of any of the house-furnishing shops, complete like a cabinet or piano. A very pretty "corner" which is comparatively inexpensive shows a grille thrown across the corner of a room at the picture molding line. A triangular piece of wood holds it firmly in place. A corner divan with a cushion and valance of cretonne and numerous pillows to correspond, a small stand with tete-a-tete set on it, a brass alcohol lamp and a rug, together with a Japanese lamp hung from the ceiling, and a pair of denim draperies painted in nasturtiums, which are suspended from the corner near the ceiling and formed into a rosette by means of a narrow ribbon, and then drawn back to either side in order to show the grille work and fastened to the walls by a cord and tassel, complete the furnishings of this truly artistic nook. The walls are covered with pretty striped chintz.

A picturesque interior which is furnished in Colonial style shows Japanese rugs of soft blues, white and grays on the floor. Small motifs of garlands modeled from bas-reliefs in a hard composition are applied to the plain, white woodwork by means of invisible beads. Mahogany furniture is seen here. A pretty corner cupboard occupies one corner, the draperies, cushions, screens and other furnishings are all of denim with lozenge shaped centers cut out and replaced by those of white Bolton sheeting and embroidered with Roman floss to correspond with the paper on the walls.

Mrs. Van Renssalaer Cruger has her guest rooms furnished to represent flowers, and very lovely they are. The carpet, walls, hangings and entire furnishings harmonize perfectly and the effect is exquisite.

In wall paper designs nothing is more artistic for drawing rooms than the French silk papers which vary in price from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per roll. They resemble plain or watered silk, striped or patterned in tinted or white bouquets or garlands.

The latest fad is a drawing room furnished in mauve. For this a polished hard wood floor with light colored rugs is frequently preferred. When a carpet is used a delicate ground of cream or pale yellow is chosen with mauve designs scattered over it. The walls are hung with the French silk paper showing garlands of heliotrope flowers on a rich creamy ground. The furniture is white, touched here and there with gold and upholstered in rich white and lavender brocade.

Although plain, cartridge or ingrain papers are no longer fashionable, they will always be liked by artists as they make a most desirable background for paintings and etchings.

A beautiful Colonial library recently furnished has the walls hung with creamy paper with green Colonial designs scattered over it. The hangings are of green and white, the carpet corresponds with the other furnishings while the wood-work and mantel are white enameled.

Low book-cases extend all the way around the room. The window seat, cushions, pillows, etc., are of creamy linen embroidered in green Asiatic outline, silk and Roman floss.

Hall floors should never be carpeted if Dame Fashion is to be obeyed. In the modern home they are of polished wood with rugs scattered over. Morris' tapestry, with its unnatural dragons in blue, yellow or green, is said to be the correct thing for the wall hangings of halls.

WISHING.

"Star light, star bright,
The first star I've seen to-night.
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night!"

Thus she muses by my side, —
My own, my darling new-made bride.
Softly humming o'er that rhyme
So often heard in school-girl time.

How I wonder what she wishes!
Is it dresses, shoes or dishes?
Is it for a coach and four,
Or a carpet for the floor?

I have ceased to wish and pine
Since she laid her hand in mine;
The only wish of all my life
Was that she should be my wife.

N. B. R.

SYMPATHY.

The men and women of literature often seem nearer to us than the people we meet in the street; probably because in the latter the real self is hidden, while in the former the secret springs of being are laid open to our view. In that great future, where we shall know even as we also are known, perhaps our sympathies will be quickened, not diminished, by that dread revealing. In the dust and smoke of this dim earth it would not do, for to see truly and judge justly we shall need all the light of the eternal morning.

Mrs. Lillian Monk.

CONSTANCY.

Wherever waves may bear thee,
Whatever shore uphold;
Whatever storms beset thee,
Whatever good enfold;

Wherever fancy leads thee,
Whatever thou may'st yield,
Whatever wiles entrap thee,
Whatever love may shield;

Whatever outward acts may show,
Whatever others see,
The memory of thy love is still
My star-gemmed canopy.

Frank Wisdom.



...and to appear to the vision clear

Of the righteous soul at death

An angel of light in a halo bright

That points the way of the spirits flight

And like a star in the morning light

It fades ere the morning's breath.

When it comes and goes, not a watcher knows

For a tear drop dims each eye

As they hover there in the lamp-light's glare

And see but the cold and the dreamy stare

And miss the light of the presence fair

That makes it easy to die.

G.F. Rinehart.

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION.

NOT WARRANTED BY TIES OF BLOOD.

BY E. W. SKINNER.

THE subject of an Anglo-American union, which was introduced by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the *North American Review*, for June, 1893, and continued by Sir George Clarke, Mr. Arthur Silva White, Captain Mahan and Lord Beresford, in later numbers, has been discussed on the assumption that the people of the United States are very largely of English blood. Mr. Carnegie, as his first proposition, says, "The American remains three-fourths purely British," and then follows the suggestion that the mixture of the other fourth is substantially all German, and that all three, German, American and Briton, are Teutonic. If this reasoning is correct, why should not all Teutonic people be embraced in the union? Or would it not be quite as natural for England to unite with her ancient mother as to expect the United States to cross seas to unite with hers?

Mr. Carnegie further says: "The amount of blood, other than Anglo-Saxon and German, which has entered into the American, is almost too trifling to deserve notice." If he would claim all western and northern Europe as composed of Anglo-Saxon and German people he is not far wrong, for all of these have contributed liberally to make up this composite nation. There were substantial Scandinavian settlements on the Lower Delaware and Connecticut rivers at an early day, almost as early as the settlement of the Puritans at Plymouth, or the Hollanders at New Amsterdam. Colonies of French, German and Swiss Protestants were located in North Carolina, and New Berne was founded by the latter. The South Atlantic and Gulf States were originally settled by French and Spaniards.

France laid claim to all the country west of the Alleghanies and French set-

tlements were scattered throughout the whole of the great central valley of the continent. Green Bay and the Fox River, in Wisconsin, were occupied by the French soon after Marquette made his first trip of discovery to the Mississippi. Eastern and northern Michigan were first settled by French. The French took possession of the Mississippi and many of its tributaries, established cities and settlements from its mouth to its source. As early as 1700 they had a town, Cahokia, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, near the present site of East St. Louis, which is said to have had as many inhabitants, at that time, as Quebec. The French, when expelled from Acadia, moved in a body to their brethren on the Mississippi. Everywhere throughout this great central region we find descendants of the early pioneers. If the historian would ignore their presence, the geographer cannot, for their ubiquity is attested by names they have given to cities, counties and streams all over the country, from the Alleghanies westward.

We have meager statistics as to the number of people in the United States or their place of origin, at the time of the Revolution, and the early census enumerations did not undertake to classify. All were Americans. We know, however, that New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware were settled by Hollanders and Germans, and that their descendants were nearly, if not quite, as numerous as were the English, at the time of the separation. Had Mr. Carnegie investigated the personnel of the business men surrounding his Pittsburgh home, he would have found that the majority of those controlling the manufacturing and mining industries, as well as the railroads of Pennsylvania, were descendants of the Dutch pioneers. The

only colonies that were pure English were those of New England, east of the Connecticut River, and Virginia. England, as she conquered new territory, did not drive out the occupying people, but she introduced her vigorous language. The United States has wisely pursued the same policy. In many sections, however, the adoption of the language has been slow. Within forty years, sections of Pennsylvania had to import teachers if they wished English taught in their schools. To within a few years Louisiana has printed her laws in French as well as English. In New Mexico there was strong opposition to inserting in the act of admission as a state, by the last Congress, a clause requiring English to be taught in the public schools.

At the time of the separation it is evident that there was no ascendancy of English blood in the then United States. After the acquisition of that portion called "The Louisiana Purchase," which added so many French, and later, the acquisition of Texas and the territory from Mexico (embracing California, New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Colorado and Idaho), populated by Spanish, it left those of English blood largely in the minority. And, since we have become an independent nation, the immigration from other countries has been largely in excess of that from England. There have nearly as many come to us from the Scandinavian countries alone as from England. England's colonies have offered inviting fields for her surplus population. Other countries, not having such outlets of their own, have given us liberally of their enterprise-spirited sons.

By the census of 1890 it is shown that 20,676,046, or thirty-three per cent of the whole population of the United States, were of foreign parentage—that is, persons born in foreign countries, with their children. Children born to the second and later generations would be classed as natives. Of those of foreign parentage there was but 9.37 per cent from England. From the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, the percent-

age is 7.49, or more than seven-ninths as many as from England. Of French and French Canadians there was 3.75 per cent, or more than one-third as many as from England. Ireland furnished us 24 per cent, while Germany's proportion was 33.39 per cent. Austro-Hungary, Italy and Russia each gave small percentages by this census, but the immigration from these countries has largely increased since 1890.

In 1880 the whole number of persons of foreign parentage was 10,892,015, the total population being 50,155,783. The percentage shown by this census, of the nationalities of the foreign born population, does not materially differ from that shown by the census of 1890.

In 1870 the foreign born population was 5,567,292, of which England furnished 550,688, or one-tenth.

From the statistics given it may be safely inferred that more than fifty per cent of the population of this country has come to us from abroad, or has descended from those who have come, since the Revolution. Making a liberal allowance for those of English blood, who have come from Canada and other provinces, there is not over one-seventh of this added population English.

It will, then, be seen that the people of the United States, or America as we are called abroad, is not composed of pure English stock. It is safe to estimate that not thirty per cent of the blood of Americans is English. In fact, I think that outside of New England not one family in one hundred is of unmixed English blood, and into New England there has been, during recent years, a heavy immigration of Canadian French to the manufacturing towns, while Scandinavians have begun to occupy the deserted farms, notably in Massachusetts.

Mr. Carnegie says that the American, in many respects, resembles the Scotchman more than the English. There is no doubt that the infusion of Norse blood into the American has brought him to resemble the Scotch, who are largely of Scandinavian origin. Matthew Arnold

noted the difference in the appearance of the two peoples. In his first visit to this country he wrote of us : "The American Philistine, however, is certainly far more different from his English brothers than I had before supposed." All travelers note this difference. An American in London is known at sight by every bootblack, while in America an Englishman can no more conceal his identity than can the bewhiskered Russian. With the Scandinavian it is different. A young man from the cities of Sweden or Norway has but to change his clothing and learn to speak our language and he becomes an American, through and through. In looks, in actions, he cannot be detected from one to the manor born.

It is not strange that Mr. Carnegie, reclining within the shadow of the craigs of his native Scotia, should "look forward" with fond hope to a union of his native land with the country of his adoption. His natal instinct binds him with reverence to the land of his birth, while admiration for the land where his years of active manhood were passed would prompt such a desire. Here, by energy and foresight, he wrought a name and acquired a fortune, which enables him to recline with ease and to dispense with a liberal hand from an ample store, in aid of worthy objects. What more natural than to overlook all obstacles to a union, which would be fraught with such pleasurable emotions?

In his desire for the union he fails to read aright "the writing between the lines" in the credentials to, and the resolutions and petitions passed by, the Continental Congress. There was a desire for liberty and separation, widespread and general, throughout the Colonies. Had his ancestors passed through that struggle, he would have felt that something deeper than the asking for a few concessions animated the members of that convention and the people whom they represented. But they were willing to wait, were willing to petition for that which they knew would not be granted. By a conservative, conciliatory course, they cemented more firmly all classes at

home. By this course they won many friends among the Liberals in England, and appealed more strongly to the sympathies of other nations. Had England, at that time, yielded to the petitions, the separation might have been delayed, but that it would, eventually, have come, there is little doubt.

The obstacles to a union with England are insurmountable, were it even desirable. The argument for the union, on the ground of unity of race, hangs by a very slender thread. There is but one bond, and that is one language. Great Britain is too great and too powerful to become a component part of another nation. If she could become the controlling spirit, the governing hand, then would she consent to the union, or an absorption.

Mr. White* speaks of a possible dissolution of the British empire and says "the welfare of the United States is bound up with the maintenance of the British empire." Great Britain is not going to dissolve, nor will her power be materially curtailed for centuries. She is the newest nation of Europe, with the latest commingling of races, and, by the trend of natural causes, should be the last to decay. And America is large enough, strong enough to take care of herself. She does not need, as suggested by Mr. White, the assistance of the powerful British navy to protect her commerce or cause her just edicts to be respected throughout the world. For four decades her internal development has absorbed the greater part of the attention and energy of her people. The bulk of her products, both of field and factory, has been required at home. When the surplus, to any great extent, exceeds the home demand, she will find ways and means to increase her commerce. She will not "be satisfied to take a back seat in the councils of the world." Neither will she be required to do so.

It is not best, were it practicable, that there should be such a union. Great Britain

* *North American Review*, April, 1884.

will accomplish her proper destiny. The United States has a work to do which she can better do alone than by uniting her destiny with any other nation. True, as Mr. Carnegie says, "The combined fleets would sweep the seas." But this is not what we want. It is not what the world needs. America's ambition is not, and should not be, to help to strike terror. Her mission is and should be, "On earth peace, good will toward men." Her territory is from ocean to ocean. From her Atlantic seaboard she should send cheer and succor to the hungry and needy of Europe. From her Pacific shore she should extend to China and Japan, and the islands of the sea, her friendly offices. To all asking aid, she should be ready to send that which would cheer, but never that which would destroy.

Sir George Clarke* alludes to the spontaneous assistance rendered by the United States flag-ship in restoring order at Alexandria. Also, of the generous cheers of the American seamen at Samoa, when H. M. S. *Calliope* reached a place of safety. He cites these instances as showing the comity of the two peoples. These were not differing instances from

* *North American Review*, March, 1894.

what Americans would have accorded to those of any nation. America does not confine her sympathy or assistance to those who speak her language. The cause of humanity warms the breast of all true men towards all peoples, no matter of what tongue or clime.

We now have enough territory. We need no more land. We have much to do to build up and develop that which we have. To educate, to assimilate the multitudes that come to us, is no small undertaking, but we feel competent to its accomplishment. By the proper mingling of the various races, like the blending of different ores in a furnace, a better product results.

Adam Ferguson, an Edinburgh professor of the last century, begins one of his lectures with these words: "No nation is so unfortunate as to think itself inferior to the rest of mankind; few are even willing to put up with the claim of equality." We, of America, in this respect, do not vary the rule. An unwillingness "to put up with the claim of equality" is inherited by us. Our ancestors brought this inheritance with them across the Atlantic, planted it in good soil on this side and it has had a healthy growth.

A STRIKE—TWO PICTURES.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN LABOR'S WORLD. III.

BY REED DUNROY.

A LITTLE tar-paper shanty away up on a high clay bank. A few crisp spears of grass, heavy with the clay dust, grow about the door. Everything about the place is enveloped in a film of yellow dust. Up the inclined path that leads from the street to the door of the little shanty a man climbs wearily and dejectedly. He enters the house and sets his dinner bucket down upon the table; and as his wife, who is bending over her sick baby, looks up surprisedly, he says: "Well, Mary, we've struck."

Mary's look of surprise changes to one of extreme anxiety, as she exclaims: "O John, what will become of us now!" That was all that was said, but the man looked gloomily about the place, and then as the pale face of his wife and that of the sick baby seemed more deeply impressed upon his mind, he groaned and turned on his heel and left the house.

The woman took up her baby and went to the bed in the corner and lay down and looked straight up at the ceiling of the little shanty. Like a mockery from hell

he air castles she had built, when she and John were married, came thronging to her brain, there in that hot suffocating room, and she let her bitter thoughts run riot until the feeble cries of the ailing infant brought her back to the misery of the present.

Meanwhile John had wended his way down the busy streets where the strikers were congregated.

They were gathered about in little groups, talking wildly. As the so-called "scabs" went by them on into the packing house to take their places, the mutter of hate could be heard. As John thought of his wife at home, and the sick baby, is it any wonder that the demon of hate arose within him, and that the hateful word "scab" should be hissed from between his clenched teeth? Is it any wonder that murder came into his heart, as he thought of the long cold winter that was coming on, and of the doctor bills he must pay? He had worked in the packing house for a long while, but had made poor time, and was always in debt; and now, as the strike was on, and other men went to work and left him standing there idle, he felt that he must do something desperate.

As he was about to rush into the mob and become one of the fierce crowd that were gathering stones and clubs to beat the hated "scabs" that were going by, he felt some one tug at his arm, and looking down he saw the white scared

face of his wife. She simply said, "Come home, John; baby is *dead*."

Another tar-paper shanty on a high clay bank. More dust, more dreariness, more poverty. It is in the early morning. A man steps from the door, and as he leaves he stoops and kisses his little wife, then walks briskly down the path to his work, his shining dinner bucket throwing a bright reflection of the sun into the eyes of the little woman at the door. It has been dull times for a long while, and the man has had no work. But now there has been a strike in the packing houses and a call for men. He knew what it meant to be a "scab," but when he looked at his wife and saw how thin she was, and how little she had of comfort, he said to himself, "I'll go and get work for her sake. If I am killed she can hardly be much worse off than she is now, and if I get along all right, I can make her comfortable." So he applied for a position and went to work. Who can lay blame at his door?

Greed! greed! thou mighty omnipresent power!
When will thy awful maw be filled?
When will thy death-engendering arms be still?

And let the people all forget
Thy fierce enslaving grasp?
The curtains of the future years are drawn;
We know not yet what greater pow'r than thine
Shall conquer thee, but Hope springs up
And points a rosy finger tow'rd a dawn,
When Love shall rule triumphant.
Fell monster, loose thy hold
And drop the shackled victims from thy grasp,
For Love must set them free!

MY SONG.

THE song my heart would sing
Is like the murmuring
Of peaceful streams when soft they glide away
To far-off seas that call them, journeying.
But sometimes let it ring
Like waters when they fling
O'er sands and shoals and rocks that stem and stay:
A song of battle and of triumphing.

William Francis Barnard.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE question of modern decadence is broadening. It is extending from literature to life. It is putting our fashionable society on the defensive, and it is to be hoped that fashionable society, with its confessed insincerity, its generally accepted shams and its chilling heartlessness, may be the gainer by the introspection. But the work of self-examination should go deeper than that. Fashionable people constitute but a small fraction of our social world. Most of the men and women we meet upon the streets, in the street cars and stores and upon the road—the men and women who swell the population in our cities and towns—are not in fashionable society, and few of them know anything about it or take more than a passing interest in its doings. This question of social decadence should be narrowed down to the individual. We are responsible for society's decadence only in so far as our influence affects or may affect society. As sole guardian of our individual entity, and in large measure our brother's keeper also, the question of questions for every individual at this time of "taking stock" is: How does my inner life compare with that life a year ago? Are my aims, ambitions and endeavors on a higher, or a lower, plane than they were then?

* * *

EVERY question seriously entertained is a character test. No one can afford to temporize with or lightly consider any question which demands of his soul an unequivocal answer. No answer-compelling question leaves a man just where it found him. Our latest answer to any soul inquiry is our latest register of spiritual growth or loss. The answer of the lips may be misleading, but the heart answer is the key to the philosophy which we are secretly applying to our lives. If the heart answer be right, then the temptation which forces decision only leaves us the stronger because of the assault.

Man goes through life boasting that he does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, but nevertheless he is continually revealing himself to his neighbors, and even to strangers. We ride into the country with a farmer, and by the time we part with him he knows us better than we suspect. A chance acquaintance in a street car reveals himself to you, and you in turn reveal yourself to him, though few words pass between you. The virtuous man, who loves his home and the dear ones housed therein, need not tell us he believes in the immortal youth of virtue. The atmosphere by which a man deliberately surrounds himself either shuts out God's sunlight from his life or envelops him in a halo which all men can see.

* * *

MATURE men and women, who have sinned and suffered or who have suffered through the sins of others, cannot but listen with painfully intense interest when in their presence the young discuss questions of morals,—fearful lest a lightly considered question or a flippant answer reveal thus early some mind-warping judgment, or, sadder still, some suggestion of insincerity, which must ever react upon the soul to its permanent hurt.

* * *

THERE is among young men a sorry disposition on the part of some to disparage pure living and high thinking, pronouncing good men and women "too good for any earthly use,"—a perverse willingness, if not an ill-concealed desire, on the part of some to be thought even less virtuous than they are,—a sort of mannish but unmanly bad-boy-ism, this second stage of the decadence infinitely more deplorable than the first.

How much they miss who during the first decade of manhood's brief half-century of action deliberately elect to place their lives upon low planes! What a start they have in the upward way who, scorning the ancient folly of sowing wild

oats in the malaria-swept lowlands of sensuality, keep right on through youth and young manhood ascending to higher and still higher heights of thinking and living! To them will come in middle life, and continue on through old age, a pleasurable freedom from the tyranny of low desires, groveling habits and over-far wandering impulses and inclinations, and, too, complete immunity from fear of those wholesome restraints by which social customs and courts of law protect society.

* * *

IN OUR talks with the young, and in the examples we set the young, we need to revise our estimates of success in life. We must come to see that true success is not in mere accumulation and that true greatness is not in winning honors, not in holding office; that it lies in the use men make of opportunities; in the character they bring to the positions they fill, and the character they take with them when they step down and out of public life; in the conscientious service they render, however large or small their opportunities.

There is inspiration in Browning's "Grammarians Funeral." There was a man who had done his humble work conscientiously, had lived upon high planes and died in the midst of his labors. His students thought it not meet to bury him in the valley where common men lie. They bore him up—up, until they reached "the top-peak, where meteors shoot, clouds form, lightnings are loosened, stars come and go."

"Time to taste life" another would have said,

"Up with the curtain!"

This man said rather, "Actual life comes next!"

He said, "What's time? Leave now to dogs and apes!

Man has forever!"

* * *

BEFORE us lies a pile of weekly newspapers—some two hundred or more. One, neatly wrapped and plainly dressed, stands out from the rest and we instinctively reach for it. It opens easily,

with no superfluous paste holding the wrapper fast to the paper. Its printed page is as neat as was its appearance when wrapped. Its reading matter is well placed; its advertisements—numerous considering the size of the town—are modestly and attractively displayed. There is but one conclusion to be drawn from this paper: Carefully and well edited and artistically printed, every copy of it is a positive benefit and credit to the little town from which it emanates. It is more than that—it is the best advertisement that town can possibly send out. We scarcely know whether to most congratulate the editor and publisher on the town he represents, or the town having such an editor and publisher as its representative. It is probably a case of natural selection. Does the reader recognize the picture? We are proud to say that it has many duplicates in this midland region.

* * *

AMONG the latest of the many surprises which our frequent appeals to the ballot give us is the contrast afforded by the two widely separated and as widely different commonwealths, Massachusetts and Utah, in their disposition of the woman suffrage question. At the last election, ex-polygamous Utah, through its male electors, adopted a state constitution granting full political equality to woman. On the same day ex-Puritan Massachusetts, by a majority of 75,000 of her male electors, voted down a proposition to let women vote in municipal elections. What the majority of Massachusetts would have been had the question of full and equal suffrage been submitted, as it was in Utah, no one can guess. The suffrage reformers are extracting cold comfort from the fact that 82,000 men in the Bay State voted for woman suffrage; but, alas! along with these figures will come trooping the 157,000 votes cast against the reform. After all, what do figures signify! Look at the varying vote of New York. At one election one party, fairly or unfairly, overwhelms the other. At the next election the victors are routed, "horse, foot and dragoons." Perhaps before the op-

ponents of woman suffrage get over their jubilation, some storm of public opinion may submerge them as the pursuing foes of the Children of Israel were overwhelmed by the waters of the Red Sea.

* * *

MANY there are who gratefully acknowledge an old indebtedness to Octavius Brooks Frothingham — whose death is of recent occurrence — for having, years ago, thrown a flood of light upon a great career, that of Theodore Parker, the omniverous reader, the soul-searching preacher, the fearless, self-immolating reformer.

* * *

THE most substantial admirer of Benjamin Harrison will have to admit that as a space-filler for the family and fiction magazine he is "off his whirl." The ex-President himself evidently feels he has made a mistake, but doubtless consoles himself with the largeness of the cheque he received for it. Various have been the measures proposed for the protection of ex-presidential dignity; but none have thus far reached the case in point — protection from the money competition of rich publishers, eager for great names as advertisers.

* * *

AN INQUIRY comes for more definite information as to "the age of consent" and as to Iowa's place on Helen H. Gardiner's black list, to which reference was editorially made in the November *MIDLAND*. "The age of consent" is a legal term, meaning the age at which a girl may consent to her own ruin. A girl of thirteen years is, by the laws of Iowa, New Hampshire and Utah, presumably a woman, and no one is answerable for her virtue but herself. Helen H. Gardiner's black list, published in the November *Arena*, puts Delaware on top of the column of infamy, her rape law fixing the age of consent at seven years. Next come North and South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Florida with ten years as the age of consent. The twelve-year states are Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Indian

Territory and Nevada. The thirteen-year states are New Hampshire, Iowa and Utah. The fourteen-year states are Georgia, Maine, Vermont, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, New Mexico and California. Texas is the only fifteen-year state. The sixteen-year states are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Arkansas and Pennsylvania. The states that are out of the black list, or, in other words, have a law putting the age of consent at eighteen, are New York, Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, Wyoming, Idaho, Nebraska and Missouri.

Now, a black list has no terrors for a commonwealth that knows it is in the right. But, let us of the Middle-West look the question squarely in the face. Can the State of Iowa afford to leave her law of consent as it is, placing at thirteen years the age at which a girl may consent to her ruin, — the age at which a man may seduce a girl, provided he wins her consent? Are Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois satisfied to leave their age of consent at fourteen years? Though Iowa cannot reproach any of her sister states of the Middle-West, they all having done better than she, yet why shouldn't Michigan, Minnesota, North and South Dakota and the States west of us fairly compel Iowa by the force of example to raise the age of consent to eighteen? The States above-named have placed the dividing line at sixteen. New York's last legislature after having heard all specious pleas for poor, weak boys and men who may be victimized by fathers and mothers of girls, and after having heard all the miserable pleas of conservatives for compromise on sixteen years, unanimously passed a law raising the age of consent to eighteen. Can the Middle-Western states afford to do less?

* * *

THE late Professor Boyesen found what he termed "the plague of jocularity" in our American life. In a period of abnormal tenseness in the business world

and of inevitable seriousness in our fast developing social world, let us not seriously talk of too much jocularity. The strained conditions of life everywhere about us may be relied on to correct any tendency to excess in this direction.

* * *

THE great name of the month in the list of losses to the literary world is that of George Augustus Sala, the distinguished journalist and author. He founded the *Temple Bar Magazine*, and in the course of forty years published many popular works, chiefly books of travel. For thirty or more years his name has been identified with and part of the popularity of the London *Telegraph*, the most progressive of all the English dailies. He was a native Londoner, but was by universal adoption a cosmopolitan—equally welcome and at home in Russia and in America, and in the uttermost parts of the earth.

* * *

THE death of Samuel Francis Smith, in Boston, November 16, is notable chiefly because the deceased was the author of the patriotic hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." This hymn has not great merit as a poem, and the air to which it is sung was borrowed; but, nevertheless, it is the generally accepted utterance of the American citizen's love for his country and solicitude for her future. Doctor Smith has written much, but "America" alone abides. Yet it is not a little to have written the words that come to the lips of millions whenever the patriotism of our people is aroused.

* * *

IT doesn't make any difference to a man after he is dead whether his neighbors weep or only look grave at his funeral; but it makes all the difference in the world to the man while he lives whether he is getting and giving in a spirit which commands the respect and love of his neighbors or is trying to live only to himself and thus unconsciously robbing himself of the best things in life. And, too, it makes a great difference to his family. No man has a right to rob

his children of the satisfaction there is in unqualified respect for the memory of parents and knowledge that that respect is shared by those with whom his lot was cast. Every man selfishly wants to live well; no man has a right to die otherwise than well.

* * *

IT HUMBLES a life-long reader of books and periodicals to find that some one of the most knowing publishers in the world, who makes few mistakes in measuring public interest, has gone to the expense of publishing the biography of some person whom the said reader of books and periodicals never even so much as heard of! This confession is extorted from us by an announcement to the effect that the new volume in the "Men of Action Series" is a life of Lord Dundonald, by J. W. Fortescue.

* * *

THE professional informer, driven from the State courts, seems to have foisted himself upon the Federal courts. Abolish the fee system in our United States District courts and the last refuge will be closed against the most despicable set of scoundrels outside our penitentiaries.

* * *

THE Type of Midland Beauty published in this number is Miss Mabel Wagner, a talented pianist of Des Moines, and a lady of wide acquaintance in musical circles in the state. As an equestrian Miss Wagner has few equals. The noble animal she rides is the premium saddle horse at the last State Fair—the property of Mrs. Frank E. Plummer.

* * *

BALZAC's heroine in "The Chouans" seems to have discovered the hypnotist's secret—and that long before the word hypnotism was first used. That charmingly erratic, indiscreet, yet self-satisfied person, Mlle. de Verneuil, having her victim, the romantic young Count, in her power, turned to the faithful Hulot and said: "You had better go; you would frighten him; while if we are alone I shall soon find out what I want to know. He has come to the pitch where a man

tells me everything he thinks, and sees everything through my eyes."

* * *

A NEW impetus has been given to art at the State Capital by the advent of Mr. Charles A. Cumming, who has become Director of the Des Moines Academy of Art, a school of drawing and painting. Mr. Cumming was long a pupil of Boulangier and Lefebure, and for several years since his return from Paris has held the art professorship at Cornell College. He was admitted to the life classes of the Chicago Academy of Design in 1879, and in 1885 was admitted to the *concours* in the Academy Julien, under the famous artists above named. During his residence abroad he was a charter member and one of the directors of the American Students' Club of Paris. He is a man of strong enthusiasms and is devotedly attached to his chosen work. His art talks and art work are having their effect in increased interest in drawing and painting and kindred subjects.

AMONG THE PERIODICALS.

"The Sociality of Jesus" is the contribution of Professor George D. Herron to the volume of thought in the November *Arena*. The church reformer of Grinnell is fast getting the ear of the public. The burden of his mission evidently is to set right these disjointed times by the restoration of the simple Church of the early sheep-tending period, as impossible now—especially in our large cities—as would be the idyllic career of Isaac or of Jacob in an era of combined steam plows, reapers and binders. To him the religion of the churches of to-day is formal, hypocritical and nothing less than a usurpation. He writes, "The moral recovery of the church from Greek and Roman theology, with the restoration of the simple religion and social ideal of Jesus to Christendom is the process at work in modern society." To speed that work is his evidently sincere purpose. He seems to fail, or refuse, to see that in a compact and ever increasingly well organized social state, the necessity of organized movement is upon the churches, that the churches if they would hold their own—and they must do even better than that—must concentrate their forces, must each rally around some central thought and purpose, projecting

upon our community life something more effective than individual prayers, personal sympathy and single-handed benevolences. Professor Herron has an impressive way of speaking as though he possessed the gift of divination, as though he had found the secret thought of God and were possessed of a key to the inner soul of Jesus. For example, he informs us that "the idea of becoming specifically the founder of a new religion was one of the temptations of the devil which Jesus overcame in the wilderness—a temptation to which Mohamet afterwards yielded." The question will arise, How did Professor Herron become possessed of this important piece of information?

The *Chap-Book* lectures Des Moines, Louisville and Chicago on their fortnightly bench-shows of local literary celebrities held under the fostering auspices of Women's Clubs. Though absurdly extreme and severely satirical, the point is one which will not be lost. The Middle-West must place literary productions, as it does paintings, etc., on their general merits. We may not longer say of a story, or poem, "It does very well for a Chicago (or Des Moines) author." The question is, "Is it good work without regard to its birthplace?"

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, "Sir George Tressady," begun in the November *Century*, like "Marcella," pictures English politics and the country gentry. Marcella reappears as Lady Maxwell in the December number. The second quarter-century of the *Century* opens grandly, leaving the reader to wonder where in space it is going to keep on finding new worlds to conquer.

Hon. B. F. Clayton of Indianola, President of the Farmers' National Congress, whose contributions to *THE MIDLAND* will be recalled, has a suggestive paper in the November *North American Review* on "The True Source of American Wealth." Unbiased by his own close relations with agriculture, Mr. Clayton finds the true source of wealth to be in the vast army of consumers who make production profitable.

Isn't *McClure's* tempting Providence in making its chief attraction for the coming year another long drawn-out and ill-illustrated-to-death "Life of Lincoln"?

If Doctor Parkhurst will drop home themes and give the *Ladies' Home Journal* readers a series of papers on "Municipal Reform,—How to Do It," and "How Not to Do It," or on any other subject for which he has an aptitude, we will agree to religiously read his page to the end, however hard reading he may

provide. But judging from the samples given us of his sitting-room wisdom, we can't help suspecting that much of it is foolishness. For instance, in the November number, the Doctor says: "So far as relates to the affairs of life in general and on its hard side, he [the boy] has ten times the confidence in his father's practical and available wisdom that he has in that of his mother." That depends on whether the father, or the mother, has the more of practical and available wisdom. A down-to-date boy is not fooled by the old tradition about man's superior wisdom. If the old tradition be sustained by the actual fact in his family he accepts it; if not, not. A man is at the head of the family, by reason of actual headship or not at all. Traditional headship is traditional only.

The Editor, Franklin, Ohio, promises to appear in January in "smaller pages and very many more of them." This periodical is growing in favor with writers.

The Earth is the title of a new monthly published in Des Moines, devoted to geography and correlative subjects. It is full of interest to the student and the teacher of geography, and is only fifty cents a year. Its editor is Prof. E. R. E. Cowell, author of several educational works of high standing.

Mr. Frank H. Kasson, the able editor of *Education*, a Boston monthly, editorially commends the High School of Des Moines, and Superintendent Cooper and Principal Wilcox. He expresses surprise that over ten per cent of the 4,500 school children of Des Moines are in the High School. He adds: "It is a splendid showing. Work like this will place Iowa—one of the best states in the Union—well to the front. Older states may well look to their laurels."

Mr. Bok's interesting contribution in the *Forum* and Editor Bok's make-up of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—one totally at variance with the other—together raise a question as to whether Mr. Bok is out with Editor Bok or the editor is dominated by the business office.

Mr. Bok, writing from experience as editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, forcibly presents in the November *Forum* the mercenary spirit of many of the successful authors of to-day. The newspaper syndicates he holds responsible for much of this. The bid for popular names began with them, he says. No sooner does a name in literature come to have selling value than the syndicates that supply the big Sunday blanket-sheets

enter into competition for something—anything—which may be printed under the coveted name. Mr. Bok tells the publishers of the great dailies that the syndicates are continually imposing upon them, making their Sunday edition the dumping ground for all the old truck the authors have left which they can't sell to the magazines or the book publishers. The mercenary spirit of which Mr. Bok feelingly writes, is illustrated by a conversation between an editor and an author (the latter presumably Mr. Crawford) in which the author agreed to make his novel any length the publisher might desire, the price depending on the number of words. Mr. Bok deplores mere space-writing by popular writers; and so do many readers of the periodical he edits.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

Mrs. Holmes, whose "Little Mittie's Christmas" will interest all young readers of this number, is a resident of Cripple Creek, Colorado, and her picture of mining camp life is drawn from observation.

Frank W. Calkins' story, "By the Roman Law," happily combines humor and incident. In his next story in this magazine he will strike the chord of love—with what success let the reader determine.

Hon. Irving B. Richman, of Burlington, United States consul-general to Switzerland, has issued a Swiss study entitled, "Appenzell, Pure Democracy and Pastoral Life in Inner-Rhoden," from Longmans, Green & Co., London.

Professor Drummond is ill and will take a year's rest.

F. Marion Crawford's next is "Taquista," an Italian story.

Mr. Howells has a serial running in *The Illustrated London News*. He is getting even with the British invaders of his realm.

Clara Spalding Brown's notes from the Pacific Coast make a pleasing feature of *The Writer*.

Mr. Ed. L. Sabin, author of "Havana as It Is," to appear in the February *MIDLAND*, is managing editor of *Campbell's Illustrated Weekly*, the coming—or, speaking accurately, the already arrived—illustrated weekly of Chicago.

We see it announced that Hamlin Garland's "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" is out.

The vapory condition of that something next to nothing which we call fame is suggested by the remark of the *New Bohemian* that "Cincinnati can claim no greater honor than that of being the home of John Uri Lloyd." It adds: "His latest work, 'Etidorpha,' now commands the attention of the entire world of science and letters." It concludes by pronouncing Mr. Lloyd's "Etidorpha" "the crowning glory of a dying century." To those of us yet in our sins—the sin of ignorance perhaps most in evidence—this tribute, to a man and a book never before heard of, is to say the least, discouraging.

"J. Torrey Connor," author of the prize story in this number, proves to be (see her portrait) a lady, and one possessed of a face full of literary promise. Mrs. Connor's story and her earlier contributions to THE MIDLAND, "Saunterings in

Summerland" and two or three poems, lead one to look for good things in the little book announced as out for the holiday trade, entitled "Flowers of the Sea," by Mrs. Connor of Los Angeles, and Mrs. S. E. A. Higgins of Santa Barbara.

Who is the Western poet whom Emerson "quoted approvingly?" Does any one know? Rev. John W. Chadwick in his recollections of Emerson, in the December *Arena*, says: "He quoted approvingly some new Western poet whom I cannot identify. One of the quotations was 'Life is a lamp whose splendor hides its base,' and another 'The short parenthesis of life was sweet.'"

Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case" and about fifteen other realistic novels, is a resident of Buffalo, the wife of a lawyer and the mother of three children.

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

SENATOR MCNUTT ON A MEMORIAL HALL FOR IOWA.

A timely article appeared in the November MIDLAND MONTHLY from ex-Consul Byers on the question of a Memorial Hall for Iowa. He suggests that the legislature take interest enough in the history of our grand young State to make early provision for the erection of a suitable building to hold the material of the historical data of Iowa, etc. One of the original friends of "the Aldrich Collection" and of State aid for the preservation of our historical material, I second Mr. Byers' motion.

The first movement in this direction was made by myself at the second meeting of the Pioneer Law-Makers' Association. On Friday, February 28, 1890, I offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That as the early history of every state is a matter of great importance, and the historical collections in the State Library, known as the "Aldrich Collection," are now, and in coming years will be, of great value, and the time and labor necessary to be spent in attending to the same are more than any private citizen can afford to give without compensation, therefore we respectfully ask the General Assembly to make sufficient appropriation thereto.

This resolution was warmly seconded by Hon. John Russell of Jones County, and the Association ordered my resolution incorporated with, and made a part of, the report of the committee on resolutions. Colonel John Scott of Story County, was chairman of that committee

and made its report, and the proceedings state that "the motion of Senator McNutt in regard to the Aldrich collection was adopted unanimously."

The General Assembly, then in session, complied with the request, and made a small appropriation partly compensating Mr. Aldrich for his time.

In the legislative session of 1892, Senator Gatch, of Polk, introduced a bill which the Pioneer Law-Makers endorsed that year, by the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Association of Pioneer Law-Makers of Iowa, in their third reunion assembled, do most heartily approve of the bill introduced by Senator Gatch for an act to promote historical collections in the Capitol of Iowa. Especially do we approve of the main feature of the bill, which is to appoint a curator of historical collections, who shall, in the language of the bill, proceed to collect and arrange books, maps, charts, public documents, manuscripts, and other papers and materials illustrative of the history of Iowa in particular and of the West generally.

This bill became a law, and under its provisions the southeast corner rooms in the basement of the Capitol were devoted to the use of the Historical Department, with Hon. Charles Aldrich as curator. But now Iowa's valuable historical material has accumulated in such quantity that the space in the basement of the Capitol will no longer answer the purpose. Other more spacious and more appropriate quarters are absolutely necessary to accommodate the Historical Department and it is the duty of the State

to provide for that purpose a suitable building, at or near the Capitol, as may be convenient. It need not be very costly, nor built of marble. First-class hard-burned brick will outlast marble. The building should be large enough to meet the prospective requirements of the department for many years to come.

I hope our legislature, this coming session, will see to it that a beginning is made in this direction.

Muscatine.

SAMUEL McNUTT.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Is it "good form" in writing to repeat any one word in a single sentence?

That depends on the word and the sentence. Avoid "vain repetition" in writing as in praying. Some writers strive to avoid any repetition of a conspicuous word in the same paragraph, or on the same page. Others seem studiously intent on repetition. Still others carelessly repeat. To show that the fault—if it be a fault—is at least tolerated, we have only to quote from the leading article of *The Critic* of November 23, on "The Recent Social Change in England," by E. S. Nadal. In a single paragraph Mr. Nadal uses the word "society" sixteen times and in three instances twice in a single sentence. In the very next paragraph he uses the word three times in a single sentence. Is it a fault? Ordinarily, yes. But literature should be bound by few unalterable rules. If "society" was the only word Mr. Nadal could reach that would fit his thought then he could not do otherwise than repeat the word again and again. But this example prominently presented by that eminent authority in literature, *The Critic*, is no excuse for the needless or vain repetition of words.

I have a mind to ask your inspection of another poem, "—," and will be glad to mail it to you if you say so.

If you could see the number of letters the editor *must* answer, you would either send the poem, or not send it,—not invite him to open a needless correspondence about it. That is what the editor is here for, to pass upon what comes, and out of many manuscripts to select a few for publication.

Do not know whether it will win a moment's notice amongst the numerous fine articles you must receive. Sometimes beautiful thoughts come which I long to express. In your answers to correspondents will you tell me if this has any merit or no?

It would be a creditable bit of description for your local paper; but it is too local and not sufficiently literary in style for publication in a general magazine.

It has merit as a bit of local description; but it lacks the literary style. We don't mean that its lacking is in ornate periods, classical allusions, etc. The simplest style is the best; but your sketch is not in the simplest style. Several of its sentences are clumsily involved. Here is one which is positively bad: "Prettiest part of all the road, is after crossing the railroad track, about three miles from town, the road leads through a bit of timber." The use of the word "lay" instead of the word "lie," and a general looseness of construction suggest the undesirability of a return to the study of grammar. We say this kindly, not sneeringly, first because we are invited to criticise, and, secondly, because this young writer has imagination, the saving grace of authorship, and will make a good writer, if she is content to begin at the foundation of good writing,—grammatical and rhetorical construction.

It has long been my ambition to contribute to some periodical, and try my luck in the field of literature.

If you feel an irresistible desire to try your luck, your chances will be better in a raffle than in literature. Literature is not an inviting field for speculation.

I do not feel discouraged over its return, as I am sure *THE MIDLAND* is the gainer by the many better articles. Wishing your magazine the great success it so fittingly deserves, etc.

This writer may never make an author; but she has one prime essential of successful authorship,—an essential unguessable by many who write for publication.

If you will pay even a small sum (for an accompanying poem), I would be pleased to write each month for your magazine.

The inducement would be insufficient in any event, for it would not be policy for us to push any one's poems ahead of others long ago accepted.

After pronouncing my manuscript worthy of publication, I can't see the consistency in sending it back to me.

Compelled to send back at least 96 of every 100 manuscripts sent him, the question of supreme and immediate availability is the only question the editor can wisely and justly consider. That which to him is not pre-eminently available now may be just what he will want ten months hence, or may be just what some other editor wants now. One of the most popular writers in this country sends us a manuscript which, he frankly states, was returned by an editor who is in the habit of accepting most that he sends, the sole reason for its return being that this editor already had in stock a manuscript touching upon the same general theme, and

thought it not best to use both. If an editor were to accept all the manuscripts he finds are "good," he would have to issue a magazine every day in order to relieve himself of the accumulation of good material.

I am greatly interested and would be much pleased to have you accept this, also other poems, stories, etc.

One at a time. Don't overwhelm us with futures.

I would be much pleased if you could furnish me a little writing to do. Will you kindly send me your terms, etc.

We are having no writing done on contract and therefore have no terms to submit. Our prize competitions come the

nearest to what you desire. Enter the competition and see what comes of it. Read conditions in our announcement in the advertising department of this magazine.

A repetition:— *Don't* stick postage stamps to your letter. It is almost impossible to remove the stamps without tearing them. Either enclose them loose or cut two slits in the paper and slip the postage into the slit; or, better yet, buy a sheet or half-sheet of postage stamps and lay aside the outer row of stamps for enclosures. These stamps have a margin of glued paper which can be utilized for fastening the postage to the letter.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

A CHARMING STORY BOOK.*

The other day one of the loveliest book of stories for children that I have read since I began to love dear old Hans Andersen came into my hands. It was written by a woman very dear not only to children but to a great multitude of mothers and (being one of the blindest and most doting, myself), may I not say maiden aunts; and it is called, *In Story Land*. It contains stories which will delight children. They do have a moral, which for one I used to hate as a child and have not yet grown to dearly like; but the moral is so much the very texture of the story and so little in evidence that the story is the better and not the worse for it. One might say truly that it is like the moral in any beautiful life. After all, I fancy that it is not the moral to which the worldly object, it is the sermon; and there is not a sermon in any of the fifteen tales. They are tales such as children love, told with an exquisite sympathy, a delightful simplicity, a never failing interest. There are no ineffectual heroes or heroines. Heroes and heroines both understand their business and attend to their job, whether it be to take a thread round the world or to fish string of enchanted pearls out of the bottom of the North Sea, with entire confidence in there always being a way where there is a will.

They are real, true fairy-book creatures,— Hans and Avilla and dear little Beta and all the others; they are not the theatrical, sentimental modern fairy personages which are neither real, modern children nor true,

mythical children, but a half-hearted "mystery," as we say in the South.

No, Miss Harrison has read fairy tales, she knows the straightforward quality of a child's mind, she appreciates the royal generosity of a child's imagination; the result is that she strikes her note with a firm hand. Her little folk are as satisfactory as Hans Andersen's Little Girl Who Trod on Bread, and almost as simple. Yet, however simple the method, the thought is often subtle, as for instance in the graceful little tale of Prince Harweda and the Magic Prison and in Hans and the Four Great Giants, where Hans' apparently useless kindness wins him the help that gives him the desire of his heart.

To one of Miss Harrison's readers the most successful of her stories are those wherein she gives herself entirely to her own fancy and does not try to be modern: the story of the Fair White City and two or three others are stories such as one may find galore in the Sunday School journals; but Little Beta and the Lame Giant, the Line of Golden Light, the Discontented Mill Window and their comrades are instinct with the wonderful light that we knew when we were children; and when we read them it seems to shine on us again.

The book is daintily printed and bound. It is dedicated in a few, tender words to a beautiful nature that blessed all the time of its presence in the world, and, through its influence, is blessing still.

OCTAVE THANET.

Californians have given to the Mid-West an object lesson in the difficult art of supporting Western writers at home. Finding

* *In Story Land*, by Elizabeth Harrison, Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College, Chicago. The Sigma Pub. Co., Chicago and St. Louis.

that the popularity of Miss Ina Coolbrith's* poems were under-estimated by the Eastern publishers, one hundred influential men and women have organized an association which is styled "The California Guild of Letters," for the immediate purpose of publishing Miss Coolbrith's poems, but with the distant intention of publishing a small edition once a year of the selected work of some well-known California author. No daintier book of Western verse has appeared this year than Miss Coolbrith's "Songs From the Golden Gate,"† a title suggested by John Muir. These poems are exquisitely illustrated by the artist William Keith. They are the bird songs of our time, the poems of pure melody, which make our rugged English tongue pipe and dance in spite of its rough consonants. If we except the exquisite sonnets of James Whitcomb Riley and the late Eugene Field's child songs, no Western poet has, within certain limitations, a like charm of expression. Miss Coolbrith's ode, "The Day of Our Lord," ought to be separately published as a Christmas poem, or linked in the same volume with Phillips Brooks' "O Little Town of Bethlehem." The simplicity, grace and startling religious penetration of this ode have the same effect upon the mind as John Newman's "Lead Kindly Light," or George Eliot's "O May I Join the Choir Invisible," and it is strange that its singular beauty and pathos have never been recognized. The same may be said of "La Flor del Salvador" and "Millenium," and why the poem entitled "A Prayer" has never crept into our hymn books is almost as difficult to answer as why the religious world has ignored Robert Browning's searching poem beginning with the words "Unanswered Yet." McClurg & Co. published some years ago a collection of verses entitled "The Prayers of the Poets," edited by Miss Martha Harger, a lady who was at the time a resident of St. Paul. If this work ever reaches a second edition, two or three of Miss Coolbrith's religious poems ought to be added thereto.

The poet of pure intellect, the scholar-poet of Chicago, is Professor Louis J. Block. One must not attempt to read his "The New World With Other Verse"‡ for melody nor for pure pleasure, but for inspiration. His poems are even more rugged than Browning's, because they lack Browning's gift of portraiture, but their philosophical tone and their wealth of learning make them the meat and drink of the scholar. The higher the thought the harder the shell in which this poet-linguist encloses it as in the odes to Plato,

*See MIDLAND MONTHLY, June and November, 1895.

† Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

‡G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Goethe and Orpheus; but when he writes of modern authors, he often has a swinging, rhythmical grace, best illustrated in the poem on David Swing:

Him, too, we lose who stood upon his height,
Fearless, erect, and strong.
Uttering his message from the soul of right
Above the waiting throng.

Shall we not hear again those words of cheer,
Nor see those eyes that shine,
Nor hang upon that face majestic, dear,
And aspect leonine?

Whither has fled that over-mastering force,
That swift, illumining wit?
Upon what strange and more entrancing
course

Does that fine humor flit?

Professor Block's first book, "Dramatic Sketches and Poems," was published in 1891 by Lippincott. His ode, "The Friendship of the Faiths," read before the Parliament of Religions at the World's Columbian Exposition and his "El Nuevo Mundo" were published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, but his latest volume "The New World With Other Verse" represents the ripe culture of the man of letters.

MARY J. KEID.

Mary Hallock Foote is one of the few artists who have a dual gift of expression. Our first recollection of Mary Hallock was as an illustrator of others' stories in the old *Scribner's Magazine*. There was a peculiar intensity to her touch which strengthened the work it illustrated. Then came those stories of the wild West, written by herself, which to the surprise of everybody were found to be as strong as the pictures which accompanied them. Latterly, as if to try her power as an artist with the pen, unaided by the brush, the stories of Mary Hallock Foote have appeared without illustrations. Though a Forrest could boast his ability to play King Lear without other scenery than an American flag, it doesn't follow that Forrest could afford to ignore scenic effects. So few artists really interpret an author's conception, that the few who can thus give an added enjoyment to the reader should do so.

"The Cup of Trembling and Other Stories"** is the latest book from the author of "In Exile" and "The Led-Horse Claim." The title story is one of intense interest. It is a tale of two weak sinners against the law of marriage—a noble but deluded young bachelor and a weakly, sentimental wife who elope and betake themselves to a dwelling in the mountains where they foolishly hope to pass the winter in happy seclusion. The misery of their experience and the tragedy with which it closes make a profound

* Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston; \$1.25.

impression upon the mind. One looks in upon the wretched inmates of that snow-beleaguered cottage with a better comprehension than ever before of the Divine compassion that, seeing the inevitable end from the beginning of wrongdoing, withholds the condemnation which man visits so unsparingly upon an offender's head.

"On a Side Track," one of the other stories, pictures a charmingly, innocent maiden, traveling on an overland train with an invalid father. A young man who is in the sheriff's custody, charged with the crime of murder, but given the freedom of the car, finds himself in conversation with the maiden. The sensitive self-consciousness of the young man and the unsuspecting confidences of the maiden make striking contrast. With that same approach to the Divine compassion, the reader pityingly regards this side-tracked couple as they come under the influence of that magic power, Love—Love which thinks no evil and makes Heaven seem so possible even on the earth. The reader, sure of a sad ending, is happily surprised to find that all ends well. The other stories, "The Trumpeter" and "Maverick" also have the fine touch which gilds with romance the rough life of the mining camp and the ranch.

* * *

Rare combination of poet and philosopher is the author of "Singing Mouse Stories."* The title of the book is somewhat misleading. The several chapters are so many reveries, not stories. The sole occupant of a room which is decorated with relics of a Western sportsman's successes, finds comradeship in a little singing mouse that nightly comes out after its bit of bread and folding its tiny paws and sitting up and turning its bright, red eye upon him, sings him a song, shrill yet sweet—never loud—a song that sets the red blood of youth coursing through his veins, and strangely stirs the memory. And the song, falling upon the rightly attuned ear of the listener takes form in tales of the man's own past and of that rich outdoor life of which we all dream. The pretty little volume is a book of prose poems such as we have not seen since Ick Marvel's "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor" charmed us in our youth. It has the Tennysonian sympathy with nature rather than the Burroughs or Thoreau spirit of inquiry. It makes the reader for the time a part of the solitude of the

* *Singing Mouse Stories*, by E. Hough. Forest & Stream Pub. Co., New York, publishers.

prairies and the mountains and yet peoples that solitude with memories and fancies which take away the loneliness of it. One who has not forgotten his own boyhood can see the boy whom the singing mouse pictures sitting by the old mill-dam drowsily watching his fishing-bob, or lying in the shadow of a summer day, noting the "shadows drifting across the clover fields," or "wandering in the woods where the squirrels live, peering into corners full of the scents of the wild creatures." The fierce passions and struggles of young manhood, as contrasted with the eternal peace and calm of nature as revealed in childhood and in old age, is also feelingly portrayed.

Readers of this magazine who recall Mr. Hough's two-number story of last summer, "Belle's Roses," are prepared to believe all we have said relative to the book before us. This book, full of poetic feeling and nature suggestions, is made the more attractive by the many little marginal drawings by W. S. Phillips. It is from the press of George E. Cole & Co., Chicago.

* * *

"Wild Rose—A Tale of the Mexican Frontier,"* by Francis Francis, is a vivid picture of a phase of life which is fast passing into tradition and romance. The author has evidently lived on the frontier and has caught the spirit and language of the conglomerate people of the plains. The heroine is a character that would adorn the lurid drama. She has a varied experience with men, retaining her virtue through all sorts of trying experiences. After a period of abundance she finds herself playing the piano in a gambling house. An Eastern man, come west to make good his financial losses, falls desperately in love with Rose and she, instead of marrying him to get rid of him, falsely impugns her own virtue—a most unwomanly course. The book is a realistic story, told with all the extreme realist's regard for truth and disregard for delicate sensibilities. It isn't just the book to add to a boy's library; but, aside from certain lurid scenes and overworked incidents, it is a powerful outline picture of life on the Mexican frontier—and that's what its author purposed.

* * *

A book of poems, however unpromising as poetry, is interesting as embodying the highest thought and aspirations of a soul. "Poems by Homer P. Branch," is a little work published by the author at

* Macmillan & Co., New York.

Mitchell, Iowa. The book is of double value to those who wish to keep a personal souvenir of the author, "for," says a note opposite the first poem, "in addition to composing its contents, he set every line of the type from which the edition was printed, and performed the entire letter-press himself, printing but two pages at a time on a 7x11 foot-power job press." The book contains 187 pages of poems long and short. The long poems are chiefly Indian legends done in verse, several in the Hiawathian measure. These legends, though faulty in rhythm, are valuable as among the first attempts to embody in verse the traditions of our Upper Mississippi Valley Indians.

This is a great age for the impecunious book-lover! Think of getting the whole of "The Sticket Minister," illustrations and all — all except the board cover — for fifty cents! "The Sticket Minister and Some Common Men" made S. R. Crockett famous, and now some of us who didn't read it at the time can go back to it and enjoy it — thanks to Macmillan's Novelists' Library, of which this last is Number 8.

"A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others," * by F. Hopkinson Smith, includes nine short stories, several of which have appeared in *The Century* magazine. The first is an animated pen-drawing of a character so droll as to suggest caricature — a seedy Southern gentleman of Northern antecedents whose career of lying, to keep up appearances, is the subject-matter of the story. "A Knight of the Legion of Honor" introduces the reader to a charming Polish countess, whom one

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

would like to know better. "John Saunders, Laborer," is a pathetic tale in which a yellow dog is the central figure of the tragedy. Perhaps the most pretentious story in the book is "The Lady of Lucerne." The artist asserts himself here not alone in character-sketching but also in description. The organ music in the church at Lucerne is a highly-wrought piece of descriptive writing. The other stories in the book are "Bäaden," "Jonathan," "Along the Bronx," "Another Dog" and "Brockway's Hulk."

A book to make quietly glad the heart of a friend is the Whittier Year Book,* daintily covered in blue and silver, and filled with passages from the verse and prose of John Greenleaf Whittier, chosen for the daily food of the lover of thought and beauty. Open the book anywhere and there you find that simple faith which made the poet's life saintlike — such faith as this —

Never yet in darkest mood
Doubted I that Thou wast good.

* * *

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Sins Absolved; a Romance — War, Religion and Love," by Dr. J. R. Gorrell, Newton, Iowa.

"Fragrant Flowers of Truth," by Rev. R. Venting, Denison, Iowa; 75 cents.

"A Book of Tales," by Many Tellers, Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, Ohio.

"A Pitiless Passion," by Ella MacMahon. Macmillan & Co., New York; \$1.25.

"Western Airs," by Abel Beach. Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo.

"Pictures From Puget Sound," by Mary Barrett Hagan, Seattle, Wash.



TWENTY QUESTIONS

TO PROFITABLY INTEREST THE BOYS AND GIRLS—QUESTIONS SUGGESTED (BUT NOT ANSWERED) BY ARTICLES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE MIDLAND.

TEN PRIZES AWARDED.

The Ten Girls or Boys under Eighteen years of age who, before the 15th day of January, mail us the best set of answers to the following questions will each be given a year's subscription to *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*. The subscription may begin with any month the winner may desire, and will be credited up to any person the winner may name. Adults may assist the competitors, but the answers must be prepared by the girls and boys themselves.

RULES GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

1. Each competitor must cut out the questions given below and pin them to the upper left-hand corner of the first one of the pages on which the answers are written.
2. The answers must be numbered to correspond with the accompanying questions.
3. The answers must be plainly written in ink (not typewritten), must be short and to the point.
4. Send no accompanying letter. Send nothing but the printed questions and your written answers, your name, age, and postoffice address. If a resident of a large city, add street address. Patiently wait the announcement of the result, in the February number. Write the publisher, telling him whom to send the magazine to and when to begin the subscription.

PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, *Des Moines, Iowa.*

THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. Who wrote the poem, "Evangeline," and when was it published? (p. 3)
2. When was Louisiana purchased by our government and who was President then? (pp. 3 and 81.)
3. For what is Joe Jefferson chiefly famous? (p. 4.)
4. What does the Greek word "Eureka" mean? (p. 4.)
5. What is a dialect? (p. 6.)
6. Where was the famous Parthenon of the Old World? (p. 8.)
7. What chief justice wrote the Dred Scott decision and what, in few words, was the nature of that decision? (p. 8.)
8. In mythology where ran the River Styx? (p. 9.)
9. What is a Creole? (p. 10.)
10. From what famous poem was taken the quotation at the beginning of "Boston's Old Burying Grounds"? (p. 11.)
11. Near what city is Greenwood cemetery—also near what city is Arlington? (p. 11.)
12. When and where did the Mayflower land? (p. 12.)
13. Who is Corot? (p. 15.)
14. What does the word Federation mean as applied to woman's clubs? (p. 20.)
15. Who is Ibsen? (p. 21.)
16. Who wrote "To a Waterfall," and who wrote "A Day in June"? (p. 22.)
17. Who was Sappho? (p. 50.)
18. What is meant by Renaissance? (p. 73.)
19. What is a strike? (p. 83.)
20. To what class of men was the term "bushwhackers" applied? (p. 61.)

THE SUCCESSFUL TEN LAST MONTH.*

R. Guy Hardy, age 14, Bloomfield.
Elmer H. Brown, age 15, Waverly, Tennessee.
Frank Glaspell, age 16, 317 E. Twelfth street, Davenport.
Edith G. Weber, age 15, Lansing, Minn.
Hornelia Spencer, age 16, Maquoketa.
Edwin E. Bump, age 16, Grinnell.
Isabelle Holman, age 10, Hawarden.
Blanche Hutchison, age 15, Toledo.
Madge Malin, age 16, Livermore.
Roy La Grange, age 15, Marion.

* Write the publisher, telling him whom to send your subscription to and when to begin it.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

"WENT OFF LIKE HOT CAKES."

The December MIDLAND "went off like hot cakes." A much larger edition than usual had been ordered in anticipation of a considerable increase in subscriptions and news-stand sales, and in order that an extra copy might be sent to every new 1896 subscriber, having promised to send the same "as long as they last." But to our surprise and chagrin the edition didn't last at all. The Western News Company, our general agents for news-stand sales, had largely increased their regular order. But almost before their first order had been filled came a telegram for more, quickly followed by another, and that in turn by another! By that time a halt was called and an investigation revealed the unwelcome fact that, with our exchange list only partly filled, with any number of unfilled orders from all quarters, with new subscriptions coming in by the hundreds, and with one large order from a State institution only partly filled, *the entire edition was exhausted!* Since the unwelcome discovery was made the publisher with a stenographer's help, has been kept busy almost continually explaining the situation and returning money sent direct to him by persons unable to buy copies through the dealers who regularly handle the magazine.

We cannot account for this unlooked-for demand wholly on the ground that the December number was an exceptionally fine one; for the great feeler of the public pulse, the Western News Company, have followed up their December order with one for January much larger than ever before; and the company's shrewd manager adds to his January order these significant words:

It [the order] will no doubt be even larger than this, however, as we hardly think the dealers have had time to increase their orders; they will probably make such increase later. We therefore recommend that you increase your edition somewhat in anticipation of a re-order from us.

[Signed] E. A. SHEPLAR,
Manager, etc.

This increase of sales present and prospective, coupled with a remarkable increase in subscriptions with every mail, gives THE MIDLAND for 1896 a substantial basis for that future upbuilding which is the hope of every true Midlander.

Thus, after two years of hard work and large faith in the future and liberal investment in futures, comes the gratifying first realization of our dream — namely, the certainty that the Middle-West will support a high-class, middle-western magazine. The later realization — that of financial profit from the enterprise —

